THE

PALL MALL GAZETTE

An Evening Newspaper and Review.

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THE POLITICAL MORAL OF THE MURDERS.

The murder and mutilation of a woman near Gateshead yesterday morning will revive, in the provinces, the horror which was beginning to die out in London. The coroner in summing up the evidence in the case of the woman Nicholls went through once more the points of suspicious similarity in the four Whitechapel murders. In some respects the Gateshead murder is said to closely resemble them; and already the people in the neighbourhood have begun, it seems, to be haunted with the idea that the murderous maniac of Whitechapel may have made his way to the North of England. The idea is natural, but improbable. What is far more likely is that the Birtley murder is not a repetition, but a reflex, of the Whitechapel ones. It is one of the inevitable results of publicity to spread an epidemic. Just as the news of one suicide often leads to another, so the publication of the details of one murder often leads to their repetition in another murder. Reading of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done. This, we suppose, was one of the motives which led the Whitechapel doctor to suppress so long as he could the results of his *post-mortem*. The coroner ultimately insisted on the full facts being stated, and, in view of the many countervailing advantages which result from publicity, it is impossible to blame either the coroner for eliciting or the press for printing the particulars of the Whitechapel horrors. But news is one thing; literature is another. And if there is going to be either an epidemic, or a panic, of murder in the North of England, it will be strange if some of the public indignation is not visited upon the newspapers which set their readers to sup upon "Newgate Calendars" and tales of crime.

Meanwhile, is there any reason to suppose that the lesson of the Whitechapel murders has been fully learned in London? Taking as the most fruitful hypothesis that they were the work of a scientific and philanthropic sociologist, can we say that he has reason as yet to stay his hand? The police, we know from the proceedings at the inquest, are at their wits' end; do not expect fresh evidence; and are frankly waiting for a fifth murder to give them a clue to the preceding four. But is this attitude of grim expectancy to be adopted also by the social reformer? The answer depends on the degree in which the morals of the murder are taken to heart during the next few weeks or months. The philanthropic morals have been perhaps enough insisted upon already; and we need not do more to-day than point them by a story which is told this morning from China. "Every one in China," we are told, "who has accumulated a large quantity of benevolent impulses which have had no opportunity for their gratification is accustomed once a year, on the 8th day of the 12th month, to make the most liberal donations to all comers of the very cheapest and poorest quality of soup during about twelve hours. This is called 'practising virtue,' and is considered a mode of laying up merit." Very often, it is added, no one applies for the soup; but "all the same the donors advertise their intentions to practise virtue; and when the day ends and no one has asked for a bowl of the soup it is put into the broken jars out of which the pigs are fed, and the benevolent man closes his door feeling that he has been virtuous for the year." Is not this a cruelly close analogue of benevolence elsewhere than in China? For instance, in the matter of improved dwellings, which has been much insisted on as the chief thing necessary for the plague-spots of the slums. Model dwellings are put up; but too often none of the population of the slums come into them. Nevertheless, the well-meaning persons who have built them, having announced their intention of practising virtue, "shut up shop," as it were, with a profound conviction of their benevolence. That is "Chinese benevolence." Something of a much more aggressive and persistent kind is wanted before our murderous sociologist is likely, we fear, to stay his hand. And, besides the philanthropic moral, there is a political one to be drawn from these Whitechapel horrors Mr. Barnett submitted the other day to the *Times* a list of "practical suggestions," and it is a very noteworthy thing that certainly three of them, and perhaps the fourth also, might all be included under the general head of better municipal government for London. We want, said Mr. Barnett, "efficient police supervision" in Whitechapel. But they will never get it until police duty is made once more a local matter, and the semi-military bureau at Scotland-yard is replaced by a civilian department under representative control. Secondly, Whitechapel wants "adequate lighting and cleaning." That is to say it wants a London Council sufficiently skilled to solve the problem of bringing all the latest results of science to the streets of London, and sufficiently honest to justify the extension of common rates over the whole of the metropolis. The removal of slaughter-houses outside the urban boundaries which is Mr. Barnett's third specific is altogether a municipal matter. And so to a large extent is "the control of tenement houses by responsible landlords." Perhaps the municipalization of land will ultimately be seen to be the only solution possible on a large scale of the problem of housing London decently. But with a view alike to future eventualities and to immediate necessities, the election of the best County Council available is the first thing needful.

HOW TO SAVE STANLEY.

An Interview with Zebehr Pasha.

The disastrous news which has reached England from Central Africa of the fate of Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson compels me (writes an esteemed correspondent) to send you a suggestion as to what should be done next. The suggestion is not my own. It is made by the man who knows most about the region concerned, and who was prepared at the time when he made it to carry it out at his own risk.

Whatever may be thought about Zebehr Pasha, he at least foresaw the events which have now taken place as far back as the end of 1886. I was then staying at Gibraltar, and had frequent opportunities of ascertaining his views as to the fate of the expedition and the means of rescuing Emin Pasha. Speaking at that time of Stanley's Relief Expedition, Zebehr prophesied for it almost exactly the fate which has befallen it. He had not, he said, kept count of the latest discoveries upon the Congo, and, therefore, reserved his judgment to some extent, but, if the difficulties to be met were anything like those which his knowledge of the country as it was twelve years ago led him to believe, he had no hesitation in saying that the expedition would cost millions and would take years to achieve its object, if it ever achieved it at all. He had grave doubts whether an armed expedition from the south could ever reach Emin, with whose position and surroundings he was well acquainted. Mr. Thomson's proposal to pass through Masai Land appeared to him more feasible than the relief from the Congo, but he doubted whether that either could succeed. The worst part of that route lies, he said, within ten days' journey of Emin's province, and is generally considered impassable both on account of the country and of the natives who inhabit it. The best way of reaching Emin was, he said, from the north and without an armed expedition, especially without an armed expedition of Europeans. He professed himself at that time to be both willing and able to undertake the peaceful relief of Emin Pasha if the English Government chose to employ him. The method he proposed to employ was to travel without ostentation and to enter into negotiations with the chiefs of all countries he passed through, making use of his opportunities to acquaint himself with the conditions and the principal necessities of the various tribes. He would then, he said, enter into treaties with the principal chiefs, granting all that was reasonable in their demands, but affixing to every treaty the condition that Emin should come out in safety. It was his opinion that this could and should be done without bloodshed, and that he would be able, as the result of such a mission, to bring back a really valuable report of the state of the country.

Is not this (continues our correspondent) the moment in which to consider such a proposal? Treat it as an off-chance. Suppose Zebehr to be as untrustworthy as most people imagine him to be. What harm can he do? The state of the Soudan can hardly be worse with him at large than it is at this moment. We know with regard to him that he has precisely the power that we lack of being able to deal with the native chieftains on the equal terms of one who understands their ways and speaks their language. We know that he is a man of more than average ability; that Gordon thought him the only man capable of holding the unruly populations of the Soudan in check; that he is therefore qualified to do the thing he promises. The only fear is that once beyond our reach he might break faith with us. If he does, the scheme of relief to Emin and Stanley through the Soudan will have failed as the scheme of relief through Central Africa has failed; but the risk is comparatively small, and are not the chances of success worth playing for?

RECITERS AND RECITATIONS.

A CHAT WITH THE FIRST LADY RECITER.

THE lift is under repair, and there is nothing for it but to climb up several flights of stairs in Onslow-place till you reach a prettily decorated flat and are allowed to enter a drawing-room, where mustard-coloured friezes and stone-blue papers go hand-in-hand with yellow draperies and blue chintz furniture. Here some old Dresden, there some fine Bartolozzi engravings; on this side Bristol plates surround a curious old token struck to commemorate the reception by angels of the "martyred" Charles I. On the opposite wall a portrait of Sir Bevil Grenville—son of the more famous Sir Richard Grenville of the *Revenge*—finds a sort of setting in the old Worcester plates. These Grenvilles, or Granvilles, were lineal ancestors of Mrs. Albert Barker, and she tells us how Sir Bevil, his last fight fought, was buried on Stratton Moor, where a little cross may still be seen bearing this legend—"At this spot ye brave knight Sir Bevil Granville drove backe ye rebels, and died fighting for his King with face to foe." But our errand is with the practical present, and we explain that we have come on behalf of the *Pall Mall Gazette* to learn all we can about reciters and recitations from such an authority as the "first lady reciter of the day," or the "female Brandram," as she is sometimes styled.

MRS. BARKER.

"It is usual, Mrs. Barker," said I, "to furnish the interviewer with a few apocryphal anecdotes of phenomenal infancy. What can you do for us in this kind of article?"

"Well, honestly speaking, I don't think that I can do much. I never recited as a baby from the kitchen dresser, though I do remember playing Hamlet with the help of the nursery tablecloth, a fat brother preferring to act the ghost."

"What turned your thoughts professionally toward recitations, and what steps did you take to place yourself in evidence?"

"A dramatic instinct and love of the work, as much as anything, impelled me on to place a Rubicon between myself and amateurism. My first teacher (if I put aside the very great debt I owe to my father) was Mrs. Fairfax. After six months' work I presented myself before a well-known actor and teacher of elocution, and recited Adelaide Procter's 'Story of a Faithful Soul.' From my second teacher (for I was accepted as a pupil) I certainly learned to conquer the habit of monotony, as well as to acquire certain inflections and harmony of tone, which the profane call 'dodges of modulation.'"

"Did he teach you action?"

"No; I think no one can teach you that; it must be the outcome of individual feeling."

Mrs. Barker first appeared before the public as a professional reciter at St. James's Hall on July 4 ("Thanksgiving Day—a good omen, you know"), 1885. The critics were favourable, but the net profits unfavourable. Then followed more private study of the most conscientious description, and by degrees pupils, drawing-room engagements, and successful "houses" rewarded my resolve

To scorn delights and live laborious days.

"Have you," I continued, "had any amusing experiences in private houses such as Mr. Corney Grain tells of?"

"The pampered male menial plays a part in the experiences of most artistes. At one house one distinguished and gorgeous creature was good enough to inform me, in answer to my request for a cab, that if I went to the top of the road I should probably get one. The world will never know what it cost him, on my refusing to call a hansom, to send an under-footman for one, and at a river club the servants departed in a body, leaving us young persons to wait on ourselves. But my hosts and hostesses as a rule are only too considerate, in one case exalting me on a raised seat as a sort of Queen of Sheba. Kindness may, however, take inconsiderate forms, as when a lady who had been called out of the room returned when, with full sail, I had swept into the middle of one of my pieces and begged me to begin again. Now, it is not easy to switch off and on the dramatic fire."

"And you know something, I think, of life in a 'hydro'?"

"Yes: hydropathic establishments are not so melancholy as people imagine. Of course, there are any number of hypochondriacs, invalids, hearts, livers, and stomachs; but the proprietors make it part of their most serious business to keep people amused. I have myself been often engaged at different places to amuse the people, and among them those whose business it is to amuse others. At one hydro. I found Mr. Grossmith. He has not only been a 'Society Clown,' but has also when in retreat led the antics. He was so bothered one night to keep up his reputation by doing or saying something amusing, that he collected all the tall men together and started a grotesquely extravagant game of 'follow-my-leader.' However, he took his revenge by working up everybody into one of his sketches. I had been reciting once, when Toole made a strange confession: 'I see you were nervous: but so am I always in a private room, though on the stage I never have stage-fright!' Yes, I was nervous; and to this hour, thanks to it, I am practically blind on the stage." The next question the interviewer (who was a clergyman) put with native and natural hesitation, "Don't be afraid of hurting my feelings, Mrs. Barker, but have the clergy anything to learn in the way of elocution?"

"The clergy are something truly awful; in their reading and delivery they outrage every canon of ours if not of their own. It is bad enough to have to listen to the nonsense many of them talk in the pulpit; but, oh! to have to hear a service and lessons, perhaps most beautiful in themselves, foully murdered! Even the banns of marriage—say at St. Mary Abbott's—are published in such a way that the most sensational announcement would never raise even a ripple of attention. To give you an instance, the clergy will not keep up the last word to the end, and they do not pronounce their final consonants. Again, they do not use nearly enough stops: there ought, for example, to be a pause before and after parentheses. And they emphasize by laying unnatural stress on a word rather than by significant pauses."

"And have singers and actors attained the more perfect way?"

"Even in *their* education there has been something neglected. I consider that very much of Isidore de Lara's success (to speak of a singer) is due to his clear enunciation. Among actors the technique and stage tricks are thoroughly mastered; but, except Mrs. Bernard-Beere, Mrs. Kendal, and Mrs. Bancroft there are few who are elocutionists. Now, the French stage makes elocution a great point in teaching. We have, indeed, no real system, but both the French and the Americans have regular systems of elocutionary training, with a rule for everything. However, as Mrs. Edna Chaffee Noble, the director of the Detroit Training School of Elocution, proposes to set up a branch in London, better days may be in store for all of us, and we shall learn, among other things, to 'de-vitalize.'"

"What on earth is de-vitalizing?"

"It is to take all life out of a limb before using it in action. Thus the arm should lie dead and inert at the side before it is employed on a new gesture. Then the action is slowly built up, as a flower from a seed. This is one of the 'points' of the Detroit school."

Mrs. Barker has a voice of great compass and sweetness, large powers of imitating men and animals, and true dramatic instinct, but her memory is almost phenomenal. She has never had a prompter for all her 500 pieces. She studies a new poem, and wakes up to find that she knows it perfectly. Once, however, she had a narrow escape. "I was going down to Oxford, and I wanted to recite something that would appeal to the undergrads. So I wrote and asked Mr. Weatherley, Oxonian and song-writer, to send me something. I learned it, as I thought, in the train; but oh! horror, on the platform I suddenly felt that I had entirely forgotten what was to come next. A moment of agony, and I was just going to throw myself on the mercy of the audience when everything came back. I asked my husband afterwards how the piece went off. 'Well, I don't think you paused quite long enough at the end of the first verse.'"

"Are you a specialist in the imitation of any particular animals?"

"I think my best imitations are those of hens, kittens, and birds."

"I suppose that this kind of work involves close study of the farmyard, the kitchen, and the wood, as well as long vocal practice?"

"At one time or another, yes. But the other day I was in great perplexity about the trill of an American bird called the bobolink, when I fortunately mentioned my difficulty to that accomplished contralto, Mdme. Belle Cole. 'Come along with me, and I will give you a lesson or two,' she said, and for two whole hours she worked away at the notes with me till I was perfect in them."

"It has always struck me that there was a fine field for artistes, especially at the Swiss and other hotels, where the evenings (the scenery being the stock-in-trade) are inexorably dull and unrelieved by anything but the smallest of 'small talk.' Have you ever 'gone on tour' in Switzerland or other places of the sort, where the English most do congregate?"

"In a tentative kind of way I have, and I have always had it in my mind to work out the idea on a larger scale than I have hitherto attempted. But you will be amused at one experience I had. After a good deal of negotiation and explanation I induced one of the hotel proprietors in the Engadine to allow me to give a recital in the salon after dinner. As I was going away triumphant he added, 'You can hand a plate round or leave it at the door after for contributions.' I don't think that my indignation at this proposal was any the more mitigated by his adding, 'At any rate, that's what the man with the monkey always does!' I have only once had such another humiliating rebuff, and that was on this wise. I had been reciting at a private house, when a lady enthusiastically bustled up to me with, 'Oh, Mrs. Barker, I have been dying to get near enough to speak to you and to congratulate you'—I rose, expecting to hear a prettily turned compliment on my reciting, but she remorselessly went on—'on the exquisite fit of your dresses. Do tell me who is your dressmaker?'"

"Have you any favourite authors or pieces?"

"Longfellow, Adelaide Procter, Baring Gould, and Lord Lytton. Among my favourite pieces are 'The Building of St. Sophia,' 'The Revenge,' 'The Stowaway,' 'Fra Jacomo,' 'Prince,' and 'Aunt Tabitha.'"

"Amateur reciters have been called the 'social curse of the age.' Have you any great tenderness for them?"

"Well, they easily become a nuisance; but I do not see why charity bazaars should not be given over to them as a monopoly on condition that it be death to appear elsewhere. I have had one or two pupils who desired to be trained as amateur reciters. One was a little Yankee, who could only stay a month. I was beginning to say that I feared I could not in so short a time give her an English accent, when she fired up—'Ma don't want me to speak English as you do, but real good American.'"

"One final question. What sort of audience do you prefer in the matter of applause?"

"A perfect audience will hear a good reciter to the end in silence, give a gasp or sigh of relief, keep silence for the space of a minute, and then applaud."

With a sigh of relief, Mrs. Barker now dismissed her interviewer, who quickly disappeared under the weight of this formula of grateful silence.

THE JAMES YOUNG DEFENCE FUND.

We have to acknowledge the following further subscriptions to the above:—

George Cadbury	£25	0	0
"A Christian"	5	0	0
E. R. W.	0	10	0
"For a Plucky Man"	0	5	0
W. J. Merritt	0	5	0
F. A. Homer, J.P.	1	1	0
Henry Stables	1	0	0
"A Widow's Mite"	0	2	6
Mrs. Rawlinson Ford	0	2	6
Mrs. John Strangman	1	0	0
Priscilla M'Laren	5	5	0
D. Naoroji	1	1	0
Ebenezer H. Pope	1	0	0
M. Foote	0	5	0

DEAR SIR,—Herewith is a cheque for £25 on account of Young's Defence Fund. I trust that the tables may be turned upon Woolley, and that he may be severely punished. I will send balance of £50 should it be needed.—Yours very truly,

GEORGE CADBURY.

Woodbrooke, Selly Oak, Sept. 21.

SIR,—Your pathetic story "A Tragedy in Humble Life" should be the means (God grant it may!) of shaming many men, who hitherto have regarded women as their lawful prey, into the paths of purity and right. I send you 5*s.* herewith, all I can afford now, to help poor Mr. Young at his trial. I would to God that I was rich, if only to bring justice to such scoundrels as the above "counter-jumper" and peace and quiet happiness to such fathers as Mr. Young.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

F. W. H. SELBY.

20, *Crozier-street, Lambeth Palace-road, S.E., Sept.* 19.

DEAR SIR,—I did the same as he, and cheerfully went into penal servitude for it. I would do the same again to-morow if occasion required. Ten years was the low price asked by the law, whose officer spoke of his "heavy hand," and said he was bound to protect such men as Edgar Wooley. The merciful recommendation of the jury, however, and a petition signed by over ten times ten thousand persons, discounted the foregoing figure for me 70 per cent., or I should be in the convict gangs at Chatham now. Perhaps among us we may educate our heartless but not quite uninterested legislators and make England what it is not to-day, a tolerably safe place to bring up a family of girls in. In the meantime the only protection we have is in irregular individual action. Please accept subscription.—Yours faithfully,

EBENEZER H. POPE.

2, *Ellesmere-place, Longsight, Manchester, Sept.* 22.

MR. BRADLAUGH'S LEGAL EXPENSES.

We have received the following subscriptions since the publication of our last list:—

Hon. D. Campbell	£5	5	0
S. O'Neill	5	0	0
W. M. W. Call	3	0	0
J. Wynford Philipps	2	2	0
H. W. R. Child	2	2	0
J. Tomlin	1	1	0
J. C. Haslam	1	1	0
Barrow, Emanuel	1	1	0
John Brown	1	0	0
J. Todhunter	0	10	0
"Phil"	0	2	6

Received through Mr. Bradlaugh and the Treasurer:—

Through *Star*, in addition to £8 5*s.* already acknowledged	49	18	6
Through *Pall Mall Gazette*, in addition to amounts already acknowledged	6	10	0

Ernestine L. Rose	£10	0	0
Borough of Hackney Workmen's Club	6	6	0
James Mellor Paulton, M.P.	5	0	0
Charles F. Pardon	3	3	0
William F. Revell	2	2	0
Collected per A. Walker, Queen's Park Liberal Club	2	0	9
J. Beswick	2	0	0
Torpedo Factory, Royal Arsenal (2nd subscription)	1	16	0
Frederick Ward	1	1	0
Collected per Harry Courtney	£1	2	1
E. Butler	1	1	0
G. C. Robertson	1	0	0
Civis	1	0	0
W. H. Morrish, 10*s.*; H. O. Strong, 10*s.* (per W. H. Pine)	1	0	0
S. H. Gwyther	0	10	0
Ed. Brook	0	10	0
A. E. Adams	0	10	0
Z. Pickard	0	10	0
L. Small	0	5	0

Total in Treasurer's Hand £1,316 7 2

The sum of £3 acknowledged as from "Mrs. Bateman" on Thursday should have been given as from Mrs. Bateson.

In consequence of the Liberal tendency of the speeches delivered on the occasion of the celebration of the anniversary of the entry of the Italian troops into Rome, the Vatican has addressed to the German Government an urgent request for an assurance that the visit of the Emperor William would not possess the significance ascribed to it as a mark of his Majesty's approval of the existing state of things in Rome.

"CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA."*

EDINBURGH may reasonably be called the city of cyclopædias. For nearly half a generation it has been sending out that great work the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and now we have from it a rival "dictionary of universal knowledge," and a rival that can very well hold its own. For practical utility these volumes could hardly be exceeded. The average person who refers to an encyclopædia wants information not so much about a subject in general as about some fact or person in particular. And it is a want that the conductors of the work before us have from the first endeavoured to supply. In the preface to the present edition they quote a sentence which appeared in the preface to the first, published nearly thirty years ago. "One great aim in the arrangement of the work has been to render it easy of consultation." This aim has been most satisfactorily attained. There is nothing in these two volumes, it is true, to descend upon a particular example, that can be compared with the masterly article on "Architecture," extending to nearly a hundred pages, and adorned with many handsome illustrations, which we find in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Any one who should have mastered that article would have no mean acquaintance with the whole subject. But the non-professional reader, who wants to know the meaning of this or that term, say, "pediment," or "architrave," or "composite," could not do better than turn to "Chambers." Another illustration may be taken from a humbler subject. The article on "Athletic Sports" is exactly what is likely to be wanted. In afterlife one cannot expect to have that marvellous recollection of "records" and the like which the most sieve-headed of boys seems to possess; so here is a choice selection of facts which a journalist, or any one who wants to talk or write about this modern equivalent for the *gladiatorum studio* of old, would find most useful. A very curious thing, by the way, is the advance on the achievements of 1864, which the table here given exhibits. In "throwing" the 16 lb. hammer, *e.g.*, 87 ft. 10 in. was then attained. Now the record is 138 ft. 3 in. Facility of profitable reference then is the chief object of the work. But it must not be supposed that there are not many articles in it which the reader who may open it without any special object will find well worth his attention. Nothing, for instance, to take another example from athletics, could be more lucid than the article in which Mr. Henry Chadwick explains the mysteries of "baseball," the great national game of the United States. To pass on to more serious topics, we have an excellent summary of what has been said on the "Science of Man" in Mr. Grant Allen's "Anthropology." To compress so much into so small a space—there are barely six columns in all—without causing confusion, is a great success. "Biology" is treated by Mr. Patrick Geddes, and the "Carboniferous System" by Professor James Geikie. In the department of literature we have "Æschylus," by Professor Mahaffy, where the bibliography might have been extended with advantage, "Addison," by Mr. W. J. Courthope, "Burns," by Mr. Andrew Lang, who says in the four columns allotted to him exactly what he should and as he should. In "Thomas Carlyle" Mr. William Wallace sums up the case, we will not say partially, but sympathetically. He says nothing about the way in which the duties of literary executorship have been discharged in Carlyle's case. Yet surely this is an essential matter. If he meant that what has been published should be published, it is not easy to subscribe to Mr. Wallace's concluding paragraph. Among other articles we may mention that A and the other letters have been treated by Canon Isaac Taylor, "Angling" in an excellent article by W. Senior ("Redspinner"), and "Cards" by that eminent authority "Cavendish." The geographical articles of Prince Kropotkine must not be forgotten. We are sorry to see that Mr. Baring-Gould doubts the historic existence of Arthur. The silence of the Saxon Chronicle about him is not to our mind "suspicious." There must have been leaders of the Britons as well as leaders of the English; but the Chronicle mentions no name as belonging to any one of them up to and after Arthur's supposed date. That there was a great check to the progress of the West Saxons in the first half of the sixth century is beyond doubt; nor is there adequate reason for refusing to connect it with the names of Arthur and Badon Hill. We must give a word of praise to the maps. Finally, let us express a hope that the issue of the work will be completed within a reasonable time. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" will have taken, by the time the last volume is published, full fourteen years. Three volumes were published in 1875; the average issue since then has been 1.6 per year. There is certainly room for improvement here.

* "Chambers's Encyclopædia." New Edition. Vol. I., A—Beaufort; Vol. II., Beaugency—Cataract. (W. and R. Chambers, London and Edinburgh. 1888.)

USES FOR SUNFLOWER SEEDS.

At this time of year, when the sunflowers are running to seed, some of our readers may be glad of these wrinkles from America:—A *Tribune* correspondent inquires the price of sunflower seed and sage in New York. Owing to the diversified and recently developed uses of sunflower seed it is yearly growing in commercial value. Its wholesomeness as an admixture to chicken food is undisputed, and much of it finds a market for that purpose. It is used by the veterinary profession in a medicinal or corrective way in the treatment of horses. The extraction of a valuable oil from it is a looked-for result. With its reputation as a preventive of malaria its growth is becoming widespread, especially at the West. Ohio furnishes the bulk that is sold to seedsmen and others here, but large quantities are collected at St. Louis. Good, heavy, 20 lb. to 22 lb. to the bushel seed is now worth two dollars a bushel.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

"To drive and to force and to flog the Government into a general election before the spring." That is the programme which Mr. O'Brien put forward yesterday, and which is, he said, quite possible on two conditions. These are that the Parnell Commission gives fair play to the Irish members, and that "the Irish people show that it will take all their gaols and all their bayonets to carry out this devilish system of eviction in Ireland." Mr. O'Brien was addressing an Irish audience and was naturally preoccupied therefore with the rôle that the Irish wing of the Liberal party must play in order to realize his programme. But that rôle will be impossible unless it is energetically supported by the English wing. What the Irish tenants have to do is to persevere in passive resistance; and it will require something more than Platonic sympathy on the part of English Liberals to make such perseverance possible. A passive policy in Ireland: a forward policy in England: are the correlatives of the new *mot d'ordre*.

"John Dillon comes home," said Mr. O'Brien in the same speech, "like a rich convoy to a beleaguered garrison, to inspire us with his own dauntless spirit and his noble life." For the present, however, we understand that Mr. Dillon is not likely to take any active part in the defence of the garrison. Though his treatment in prison was very different from that which preceded Mr. Mandeville's death, Mr. Dillon is much pulled down; and if he is restored to good fighting trim by the time Parliament reassembles, it is as much as we have any right to expect.

"John Chinaman" will be to-day in especially bad odour with the Republicans in the United States; for the action of the Chinese Government in rejecting the treaty negotiated with the Government at Washington deprives them of an electoral advantage which might have won them the Pacific Slope States in November. It had been justly expected that while the treaty was under consideration by the Chinese Government, President Cleveland would have felt bound to have vetoed the bill so stringently directed against further Chinese immigration, which the Senate so eagerly approved; the refusal of the Pekin authorities to accept the treaty as a settlement of the question consequently saves the President and his party from what threatened to be a very deep hole indeed. Thus the Republican party's tactics have been twice unexpectedly outflanked during the past month. The game of politics goes merrily on; as far as the mere making of points is concerned, there can be no question on which side the victory lies. Party fealty, however, is much greater than mere points of pure merit and national advantage.

The Ameer's request for a postponement of the Cabul mission shows that he no longer expects to make quite such short work of Ishak Khan as was once hoped. The mission was to have started on October 1, and the Ameer does not expect, it would seem, to have his house in order for some time after that date. This hardly looks as if the story that Ishak is already in full flight across the Oxus were true.

Mummer-worship, it appears, is the subject of a satiric comedy by Oscar Blumenthal recently produced at the Lessing Theatre, Berlin, under the title of "Anthon Anthony." This proves that the absurdity cannot have reached in Germany the acute pitch it has attained in England. Here no effective satire upon the mania could be produced without "wringing the withers" of individuals. Every incident would be taken as a hit at "What's-his-name, and Thingumbob, and likewise You-know-who," and the *esprit de corps* of the profession is too strong to permit of its finding its way to the stage.

The first article in the *Saturday Review* has these pregnant words:—"There is a pestilent doctrine openly asserted by some gentry of the press, and acted on by others, who would hardly dare to assert it openly, that the 'public has a right to know things.' The public has no 'right' to know anything whatever, save matters which come before the Queen's courts, while even this right is limited." Readers of Tory papers may have long suspected that these were the principles underlying them; but it is satisfactory to have the law plainly laid down in this way. One cannot help wondering who are the "other" pressmen who, while subscribing to the pestilent doctrine about the right of the public to the means of forming opinion on matters of public interest, yet "would hardly dare to assert openly" the only conceivable principle on which their very existence can be justified. But as for those hardy spirits who both avow and act upon it, it seems that nothing would safely meet the case short of suppressing all other prints except the *Saturday* itself. At the same time, all histories might be burned by the hangman (especially all about Ireland), and the public, who, of course, have no "right" to the truth about the past more than about the present, would depend for both on such oracular pronouncements as the *Saturday* might from time to time give forth. The reviewer himself has a right to know everything, of course: but the public must content itself with gathering the facts from the results of his deglutition. "The word killeth" indeed! In the press:—"History sub-edited according to the meridian of a Saturday Reviewer."

The extract from the Emperor Frederick's diary to which the *Times* calls special attention this morning chimes in curiously with the death of Marshal Bazaine. "Napoleon quietly seeking a *rapprochement* with us," wrote the then Crown Prince on March 8, 1871; "moderation of the peace conditions on promise of a common war against England." The principle *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is not likely to be acted on in France; and Bazaine's career as scapegoat would not under ordinary circumstances have closed with his death. But the Crown Prince's revelation of Napoleon's double-dyed duplicity should surely wash out the memory even of Bazaine's treachery at Metz. Not content with having ruined his country by one war, here was Napoleon intriguing quietly with Germany for his restoration at the price of a fresh war against an ally. And this was the man whom the English public often, and the English Court always, loved to honour.

The copyright question, after all, makes slow progress—at any rate, in the sentiment of the American people; and meanwhile the British author continues to suffer daily pillage. "When I passed through the Custom House late on Saturday night," writes a correspondent, "a pirated edition of 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' which lay with its face upward in the forefront of my portmanteau, was at once seized and confiscated, but pirated editions of 'Robert Elsmere' and 'Herr Paulus,' which I carried openly in the pockets of my overcoat, I was enabled without observation to bring home to London. Several of my fellow-travellers had similar experiences: one who had made himself bullet-proof by enclosing his body in music-books got on shore as easily as any of us."

The fact is that though conscientious pamphleteers may write on "The National Sin of Literary Piracy," the American people do not care who their entertainers are or what may be their fate, so long as they are entertained. "By Walter Besant—Dead isn't he?" was the light, unconcerned inquiry addressed the other day by a well-dressed middle-aged intelligent-looking woman to the bookstall clerk on board the Hudson boat; "oh, I thought I read he had just died in the midst of fame and fortune," replied the lady when informed that the famous novelist was still to the fore. "Why don't the authors arrange to supply us themselves?" is the retort of the American reader, who tells you that he must have the book whoever supplies it. Under the circumstances, there is attractiveness in the scheme of an agency to protect foreign authors by publishing their works in advance of the European publication.

Now that Parliament is not sitting, it may seem like "whistling to the wind" to say that there is urgent need for information and explanation regarding the diplomatic or other secret history of this "difficulty" with Tibet. But there is a growing feeling that the first act in this drama—which may shortly develop into a tragedy—must have been performed entirely behind the curtain, and that scarcely a sentence of it has reached the auditorium. And as there must have been the argument or prologue before that first act of which we can infer something—from the second, that is the organized but abandoned Macaulay mission, and the third act, the construction of our military road in Tibetan-Sikkim territory—it is evident that the authors of the drama could a tale unfold. Who are they? and how can they be induced or compelled to tell that tale? As it is, one that must or was intended to dominate the fourth and fifth acts, that are yet to come, it is manifest that those who have to pay the piper—in India in taxes, in England in political repute—ought at least to be told where the scenes of the fourth and fifth acts are to be laid. There are some who aver that in all this business there must be a man behind the hedge. Many say it is John Chinaman; others believe it must be that parlous Muscovite. As to the latter, he is represented by the mild-spoken naturalist Prjevalsky, who, with his modest escort of a score or so of Cossacks, seems likely to be welcomed at Lhassa long before our Assam tea-dealers can arrive.

Fools and their money are notoriously soon parted, and, according to the familiar dictum which the *soi-disant* Claimant misappropriated from Miss Braddon, "Some men has plenty of money and no brains, and some men has plenty of brains and no money. Surely men with plenty of money and no brains were made for men with plenty of brains and no money." It is necessary, however, every now and then to remind the moneyless gentlemen with brains that in their pursuit of riches they must not overstep the boundaries laid down by law for the protection of the sheep against the wolves of society. Unfortunately, when the rogue is a very clever rogue, and more especially when he has so far succeeded in his roguery as to make it a very expensive thing to prosecute him, he can rely upon a considerable degree of apathy on the part of the Treasury. Now, however, that a change has been made in the personnel of the Criminal Investigation Department, we may venture to hope that more vigilance will be shown in the detec-

tion and punishment of those swindlers who prey upon the unsuspecting innocence of the unthinking, even though to run down a gang of accomplished swindlers might cost almost as much money as would be needed to suppress a political meeting which was objectionable to the Home Secretary. When Dr. Anderson is at home in his new office we may venture respectfully to suggest to him that he has an opportunity of signalizing his accession to power by the execution of a very necessary and very useful piece of business in the prosecution of the swindling gang which plunders by means of advertisement and the manufacture of sham jewellery. It is quite a business. We have reason to believe that there is at the present moment an organized gang of practised swindlers in London whose existence is perfectly well known to the detectives under Dr. Anderson's orders. These gentry carry on their operations as follows:—The first step is to secure the insertion of an advertisement in one of the morning papers, stating that they want to borrow money for a short time "on excellent security."

THE "BEAUTY" SHOW AT SPA.

BY A VISITOR.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* is distinctly responsible for my presence in Spa. For the first whisper of the now notorious "Beauty Show" came to me through its columns; and being on the eve of leaving for Switzerland, and also, not being more than ordinarily insensible to the charms of beauty, what more natural than that I should make a short détour, and take Spa by the homeward way? That I was bent on a wild-goose chase certainly did occasionally haunt my waking imagination; but then did I not know that in itself Spa was a very charming place, abounding in beautiful walks and drives, and that its far famed waters were more than ordinarily palatable to the taste, if not indeed positively beneficial? So, then, here I am at the Casino, waiting for the hands of the clock to point to 8.30, for at that hour the yet uncertain number of demoiselles, of ages between eighteen and twenty-five, entered for the competition will be "on view," and their respective merits will form the theme alike of private speculation and of public discussion by the cognoscenti of Spa.

Preposterous as the idea may seem outside the charming little watering-place, there can be no doubt that here in Spa the scheme is intended to be a *bonâ fide* one, and on all hands it is certainly very much in evidence—staring red placards, announcing the prize of 10,000 f. to be given by the benevolent administration of the Casino to the "Queen of Beauty," and giving details of the dates and hours of the contest, greeting one on every side. One hundred and eighty applications are said to have been received by the executive, some of the details given being of a very singular kind, and, as perhaps might be expected, not always compatible with the claims either of modesty or good taste. Many of these were, however, rejected upon an inspection of their photographs, while others failed to satisfy the jury as to their charms at a very early stage of the proceedings, and it is almost needless to say, promptly shook the dust of Spa from under their feet. The opening of the "Concours," having several times been postponed, was at length definitively announced for to-night, and soon after eight o'clock the ball-room of the Casino was thrown open, and the public invited to part with the five francs which alone qualified for admission—an invitation to which, however, for some reason or another, they seemed by no means eager to respond. Gradually, however, they dropped in by twos and threes until there might be said to be a fair house. The officials connected with the Casino seemed, as they hurried to and fro, somewhat flurried and ill at ease; but eventually on the stroke of nine all doubt seemed at an end, and the director and his associates escorted some dozen of the *soi-disant* fair ones to seats provided for them on a dais at one end of the room, a person called "La Belle Fatma"—whose photographs are liberally displayed in the shops on the Parisian boulevards just now—and her troupe of Hungarian *danseuses* being sandwiched in the centre of the competitors, I presumed as a species of makeweight, and to compensate for the paucity of the "authorized programme," if I may so term it.

That beauty at the best is only skin-deep, of course I know well; also that "handsome is as handsome does." Still, all proverbs to the contrary, it is impossible to repress a sneaking admiration for the fair case even of a worthless jewel; and if only beauty had been present, the show might have been, for aught I know, what I see the *Daily News* pronounces it—"a fair success." But, as a matter of fact, beauty was exactly the one element in the competition which was wanting. France, Belgium, Germany, Portugal, Sweden, Austria, Bohemia, Russia, Hungary, Italy, and the West Indies are all said to have been represented in the competition—I use the term advisedly—but I have no hesitation at all in saying that to each and all of the candidates for the prize the words of Audrey in the play, "I see no more in you than in the ordinary of nature's sale work" would have applied to the letter. The effrontery—I can call it nothing else—of some of them for appearing in such a capacity was positively appalling, and even to the very best of them the lines of Burns,

> O wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see oursels as others see us,

would have been not inappropriately addressed.

I am jealous for the honour of my countrywomen, holding as I do that the freshness and daintiness of an English maiden is without a compeer, and I assert in all seriousness that in any average English ballroom or girls' school far lovelier faces would be met with every day in the week than any to be found in Spa. True, the director informed me they were expecting three English ladies on the following day. I have, however, reason to believe that the wish was father to the thought, and that the English would-be competitors were better advised, and accordingly stayed away, or their parents very properly declined to allow them to come. The same worthy was also good enough to inform me, on my expressing surprise at the paucity of the numbers, that a great many ladies had already been sent away by the jury, to which I could only mentally ejaculate, "If this be the green tree, what must have been the dry like?"

I am bound in justice to say there was not the least trace of vulgarity about the competition, either in dress or in any other respect. On the contrary, so far as such a thing could be, the whole affair was decorous, sombre, and dull to a degree. "La Belle Fatma" and her troupe did their level best to enliven the audience by their dancing, the "beauties" looking on meanwhile, and somewhat nervously simpering and occasionally whispering to each other; but the tame and spiritless conclusion of a much-vaunted spectacle was not to be gainsaid. The mountain had laboured and had brought forth something very like a mouse, and it was not long before I was glad to exchange the heat and glare of the Casino for the calm beauty of the moon outside, which was flooding the earth with a silvery radiance which was a show of beauty indeed, set high in the heavens that all might admire its wondrous loveliness, made yet more majestic by contrast with the tinsel and glitter that were within.

THE PROJECTED SALT TRUST AND WATER TRANSIT.

A CORRESPONDENT calls our attention, in connection with the projected great "Salt Trust," to the importance of the question of water transit. "It may not be generally known," he writes, "that to make a ton of salt requires the carriage (largely by water) as return freightage of about half a ton of slack, or small coal, to the brine-pans, whence the salt is again sent, chiefly by water, to its markets. Here, then, we have a regular to and fro tonnage of enormous proportions, when it is considered how small a district supplies the freightage. Consequently the 'cute ones have for years run their salt-pans simply to pay freightage to their boats, fleets of which they own and very obligingly put at the disposal of their smaller brethren salt boilers, carrying all they can get at the stereotyped figure of 2*s.* 6*d.* per ton, say to Liverpool, the River Weaver Trustees charging another 1*s.* per ton tollage. As salt is sold f.o.b. at Liverpool at from 6*s.* to 8*s.* per ton you can judge what is left to the salt-boilers. The upshot of this is that the fleet owners have practically pocketed the smaller salt-boilers, simply through command of the transit facilities and by reason of the competition that they have been keeping up through their having enormous pans of their own boiling down salt to pay freightage only. They would readily show you their salt-pan accounts, showing no profits; but the boatage accounts have been studiously kept in the background. Incomes like £50,000 to £60,000 per annum are made by the boating. The successful salt boilers are only those who own the fleets, and have been themselves boatmen! With a steam barge carrying 200 tons itself, and towing three other barges of 250 to 300 tons each down the gallant little Weaver, discharging by steam cranes on each barge, and coming back loaded with slack (sometimes several trips per week being made), the cost of conveyance has been reduced to the nearest approach to zero ever contemplated. For what does the mere idle labour of two men on each barge, and three on the steam barge, or nine men in all to every 1,000 tons, and on two trips weekly 2,000 tons salt and 2,000 tons slack back amount to? How little more does the wear and tear amount to when we remember besides that salt is absolutely preservative to the barges (boats sometimes are sent to Northwich to be 'seasoned' by brine)? A mere bagatelle the cost is, and yet the small fry among the salt-boilers have been paying 2*s.* 6*d.* carriage and 1*s.* toll, buying their slack also with heavy freightage added. They sell their salt for 3*s.* 6*d.* per ton at the pans; in Liverpool the price is 6*s.* to 8*s.* per ton. The fact is that there is a practical monopoly on the Weaver of the means of transit, and the question is here, as elsewhere 'How long is such monopoly of transit to continue? It is playing the very devil with all our staple industries; mines are paralyzed, and manufacturers are simply running to pay freightage."

With respect to the formation of the "Trust," a correspondent writing to a contemporary says:—"There is an important obstacle in the way in the person of Mr. John Corbett, M.P., of Stoke Prior, Droitwich. This gentleman is the largest salt producer and salt manufacturer in the kingdom. His works equal in magnitude nearly all the other salt undertakings in England put together; and he, though repeatedly and urgently pressed to do so, has refused to join the Salt Syndicate. So long as he holds to this refusal (and I have good reason for believing that it is his intention to hold to it), the syndicate can never 'rig the market' to any important extent."

Some time ago an association existed among the Cheshire salt manufacturers for the purposes of regulating the trade, but it came to grief. The price of common salt has fallen very seriously in recent years. In 1873 it stood as high as 14*s.* 8*d.* per ton; in 1874 it fell to 10*s.*; and since then there has been a constant fall almost without a break until it has reached 2*s.* 6*d.* per ...

"THE ARMADA" AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

IT may be well that we should confess at the outset that "The Armada: a Romance of 1588" (produced at Drury Lane on Saturday evening) did not realize the high anticipations we had formed. If a block of the purest and whitest marble were placed in the hands of a sculptor, and if, instead of an Adonis or a Venus, he were to turn out nothing beyond an ill-executed figure of a nineteenth-century type, one would have just cause to complain of wasted opportunity and spoilt material. We conceive Messrs. Henry Hamilton and Augustus Harris to have acted very much like that sculptor with the glorious period which they have essayed to treat as the subject of a stage play. At their call were characters the very mention of whose names quickens the pulse of an Englishman; they had virgin soil to work upon; and in their service they could enlist all the resources of the national theatre and of generous stage management. Yet they have done no more than to evolve a most ordinary story of abduction, with which they have interwoven—perhaps not unskilfully—that of the coming and defeat of the great Armada which gives the play its title. Their great theme has not, so far as we are aware, ever yet been made the subject of serious stage treatment. Macaulay has written some very stirring verses about it, and it has been celebrated in a novel of almost epic grandeur by Charles Kingsley to which novel, if we mistake not, the authors of "The Armada" owe more than may at first sight seem probable.

Now what is the story which on Saturday night occupied a long four hours in its unfolding? Simply this. An English maiden—the daughter of a Plymouth farmer—is carried off to Cadiz by a rascally Don. Thither her lover very heroically follows her. While he is in Cadiz, an attempt is made by the authorities to seize all English vessels in the port—an attempt which is unsuccessful only in the case of the *Vixen*. The hero learns with mingled feelings that the great Armada is on the point of sailing, and that he alone can warn his country of the terrible danger. Sail he must, and at once. But his sweetheart remains a prisoner in Cadiz. And here comes the only truly dramatic situation in the play. His heart is torn by the contending claims of love and duty. "I must choose betwixt her and my country," he exclaims; and, like a true Englishman, he chooses for the latter, and sadly sets sail homeward. Meantime the maiden has fallen into the hands of the Holy Office, and, in the fourth act, is brought forth to be burned as a heretic in the Grand Place. But a rescue—a most improbable rescue—is effected by the aforesaid lover; and, practically, the play is at an end. There are the inevitable comic scenes—supplied in this case by a runaway London apprentice, a frolicsome English maiden, a pretty señorita, and a low-comedy sailor. Their fooling was always to the front while the set scenes were being got ready behind. But their dialogue bears no more relation to the main story than does Tunbridge Wells to Timbuctoo.

The strength of the piece—and it is undoubtedly strong—lies in the spectacular effects with which the management have so lavishly adorned it. The Gardens at Greenwich Palace, the Cross at the Village of Charing, and Old St. Paul's Cathedral may be mentioned as admirable examples of scenic art; while the two Armada tableaux are beyond all praise. The former of these is a reproduction in tableau of Mr. Seymour Lucas's picture, "The Game at Bowls on Plymouth Hoe:" the latter, which represents the encounter off Calais, is probably one of the most realistic sea-fights that have ever been seen on the English stage. No doubt the management will hit on a plan whereby the smoke can be cleared away somewhat. On Saturday night the stage was so densely enveloped that the fire-ships were scarcely discernible amid the gloom. These tableaux are introduced by Fame, who speaks certain halting lines called by courtesy blank verse. The scene in the Inquisition prison and the auto da-fe are neither of them so effective. The reason is not far to seek. The Inquisition does not lend itself to stage treatment. Such a subject either becomes too painfully impressive or proves the mere butt of ribald laughter. If there be one chapter in "Westward Ho!" which one could wish unwritten it is that in which one hears the agonizing scream of Rose Salterne as she is put to the question by an officer of the Holy Inquisition. A somewhat similar scene naturally failed to arouse pity or terror in the hearts of the Drury-lane audience. The hooded torturers provoked laughter; and the spectator's sympathy with the heroine as she is bound to the stake is modified by the thought that she must in a few seconds be rescued by her lover.

The burden of the acting falls upon Mr. Leonard Boyne and Miss Winifred Emery, both old favourites of ours. Amid much spectacle, and still more irrelevant dialogue, it can be no easy matter for an artist to preserve his individuality throughout in so successful a manner as Mr. Boyne did. There were grace, dignity, sweetness, and power in Miss Emery's acting; and both hero and heroine won and retained the entire sympathy of the audience. We mean no disrespect to Mr. Harry Nicholls when we say that his runaway London apprentice was very much in the way. The authors have heavily handicapped Mr. Nicholls, and he is to be congratulated on the very good-humoured way in which he bore up under his difficulties. Miss Ada Neilson, as Queen Elizabeth, looked the part to perfection; but her efforts to be impressive were too painfully marked. Miss Maud Milton showed much declamatory skill in pronouncing the miserable lines assigned to her as Chorus; and "Señorita" Kate James brought out her "Caramba!" very prettily. The authors have deliberately cast to the winds the fine opportunities for characterization afforded them in dealing with historical personages: Raleigh, Drake, Hawkins, and Grenvile, are mere names, and are acted as such.

"Is the piece a success?" This was the question somewhat anxiously put by Mr. Harris as he appeared in front of the curtain with his collaborateur. Enthusiastic cheers burst from the audience by way of reply. Their verdict was conclusive, and is not to be appealed from. Many improvements are obviously necessary; but it would be a work of supererogation to point them out. Mr. Harris's experience and tact have, no doubt, suggested them to him already. The brilliant spectacular effects of "The Armada" will, we are assured, attract playgoers to Drury Lane for months to come.

At Home and Abroad.

From Suakin it is reported that the situation is growing more serious. Considerable uneasiness, it is said, prevails among the European residents.

Long-range fighting is reported to have taken place between Colonel Graham's force and the Tibetans, but no regular attack has been made yet.

The high level railway through the Bolan Pass has been completed, and Quetta is now connected with the Indus Valley system by two routes, both broad gauge.

The Emperor William returned from Hubertusstock on Saturday evening, and proceeded to Potsdam. His Majesty intends to be present at the forthcoming great fortress operations of the Coblenz artillery.

The *Germania* professes to have learned that the Emperor of Germany, out of regard for the susceptibilities of the Pope, has requested that there may be no festivities in his honour on the occasion of his visit to Rome.

The Imperial German Government has called upon Herr Königsberg to formulate his claims against the Royal Niger Company in order that the necessary representations may be made to the British Government.

The intended matrimonial alliances between members of the reigning families of Russia, Germany, and Greece unpleasantly impress the Porte, which regards them as likely to have a political bearing on Turkish interests.

A message received by the Emin Relief Committee from Mr. Ward, from Loando, states: "Barttelot's death broke up expedition. Manyemas disbanded."

The Egyptian Government has refused permission to the Italian Government to recruit Soudanese for service in Massowah.

Marshal Bazaine died yesterday, at the age of seventy-seven. He leaves a widow and three children; one of whom is a sergeant in the Spanish army.

The American Senate has passed the bill sent up by the House creating a Department of Agriculture, the chief of which will be a Cabinet Minister.

Mr. O'Reilly, treasurer of the Irish Anti-Coercion Fund at Detroit, has by cable remitted £1,000 to Dr. Kenny, of Dublin.

An English company, styled "The Hercules Company," is building a large dynamite factory at Lustheide, near Cologne.

The arrival of more competitors in the Beauty Show at Spa is announced. The delivery of the award is therefore delayed.

A full bench of the Madras High Court has affirmed the conviction of and the sentence upon a native judge for bribery and corruption, on a second appeal. On the first appeal the conviction was quashed.

The English football team played a match at Dunedin on Saturday against a fifteen of Otago. After a close contest, in which neither side succeeded in scoring any points, the game ended in a draw.

The sculling match between Largan and Fitzpatrick for £50 a side, over a course of three miles with a turn, was rowed at New York on Saturday, and resulted in a victory for Fitzpatrick.

The Municipal Council of Berlin are deliberating on a proposal to the magistrates for a grant of 500,000 marks as an endowment in honour of the Emperor Frederick.

At the Central Criminal Court on Saturday Patrick Kelly was again put on his trial for the murder of John Chapman at sea, and was convicted. Sentence of death was passed.

Nationalist demonstrations were held yesterday at Maryborough and Bandon. At the former, which was the largest gathering of the kind ever held in Queen's County, Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., was the chief speaker.

Lord Craighill, one of the judges of the Court of Sessions, Edinburgh, died on Saturday. He was elevated to the bench in 1874, and the last occasion on which he presided at the High Court was at the trial of the Clashmore crofters.

The sudden death is announced of the well-known painter, Gustave Boulanger. His best known works were founded on life in Imperial Rome, and his "Appian Way in the Days of Augustus," and his "Slave Market," are pictures of great merit. He was sixty-four years of age.

The plans for the defence of the Ottoman coast of the Adriatic are now to be carried out and completed by the spring, the neighbouring Albanian population being made to work at them. But the Albanians are not given to work gratuitously, or to submit to forced labour.

The representative team of English cricketers who have arranged to proceed to the Cape for a cricketing tour throughout the colony have decided to leave England by the *Donald Currie* steamer of November 21, and it is expected that they will play their first match at Cape Town during Christmas week.

The first excursion train from Salonica arrived at Budapest on Saturday. The excursionists were received at the station by Count Zichy, and each of them was presented with a bouquet, and a guide-book to Budapest in three languages—Hungarian, German, and Turkish.

At the Wandsworth police-court on Saturday Edward Strickland was charged with having broken a chemist's window. He said he was penniless, and did it to get a lodging for the night. He was sentenced to a month's imprisonment, and was removed to the cells threatening to commit suicide.

The day of the opening of the Burg Theatre, Vienna, has at last been fixed for October 14. Before the closing of the old theatre Charlotte Welter has promised to play her three best parts in "Goetz Von Berlichingen," the "Winter's Tale," and "Iphigenia."

Yesterday being the anniversary of the Revolution of 1830 a manifestation, organized principally by Socialists, took place in Belgium. More than 3,000 men assembled on the Place des Martyrs, where the soldiers who were killed are buried. Disorder was apprehended, but all went off quietly.

It is announced that the Chapter of Exeter have resolved to transfer all their patronage in Cornwall to the Chapter of Truro, and have given instructions for the necessary steps to be taken to give effect to their decision. The patronage thus transferred represents livings of the aggregate value of about £5,000 per annum.

At Saturday's meeting of the Liberal Council of the Mansfield division of Nottinghamshire a resolution was passed expressing dissatisfaction at the manner in which Mr. Foljambe discharged his duties as member for the division, and declaring that he cannot receive the support of Liberal electors at the next election.

The 2nd Bombay Grenadiers (the Prince of Wales's Own) celebrated their regimental centenary by a grand ball on Tuesday evening, at which Lord and Lady Reay and all the society of Poonah were present. A special feature of the evening was the presence of two men on the dais arrayed in the uniform of 1788.

CRITICAL SITUATION AT SUAKIN.

THE GARRISON IN DANGER.

The rebels still hold their situation outside Suakin, and keep up an incessant fire. They have further strengthened themselves by bringing up two mounted field pieces, seven-pounders. They brought one gun within six hundred yards of the forts and fired shells, but were forced to retire to their earthworks under the heavy fire opened on them from the forts. It is reported that many of the Arabs were killed and wounded. The rocket apparatus of the fort was broken by a shell from the enemy. This is the first time the Arabs have brought up guns to fire at the forts and town. They seem determined not to withdraw unless forced by troops. Her Majesty's ship *Gannet* and the forts are still unable to dislodge them from their present strong position.

The *Standard* correspondent says:—The situation here is growing more serious, and the rebels, who for the last six days have entrenched themselves within nine hundred yards of the water forts, are daily strengthening their position in spite of a heavy fire maintained from her Majesty's sloop *Gannet* and the forts with Krupp guns and mortars. The danger of the position lies in the water supply being cut off, as the rebels command the best and largest wells, and water can thus only be obtained with danger from the inner wells, the water of which is brackish and not over abundant, while the condensers only just suffice for the troops. The British casualties up to the present amount to six men and three horses wounded. The enemy's loss is unknown, but is supposed to be severe. Considerable uneasiness prevails among the European residents, but the military authorities do not anticipate any danger. A deserter reports that the object of the rebels is first to weaken the garrison by thirst, and then to attack the town. He estimates the force in front at 800 infantry and 200 cavalry, supported by about the same number at Handoub. This estimate has been confirmed by a reconnaissance made yesterday on the enemy's right flank. A British gunboat and an Egyptian battalion are expected here shortly, and probably a condensing ship. An Italian gunboat, moreover, has left Massowah to come to the assistance of the garrison.

THE EMPEROR FREDERICK'S DIARY.

A PREMATURE PUBLICATION.

The *Börsen Zeitung* of Berlin publishes the following statement which it declares to have received from a trustworthy source:—"In 1873 the Crown Prince Frederick William caused twelve copies to be taken by a copper-plate process of the diary which he kept during the Franco-German war. Of these copies he presented one each to persons who particularly enjoyed his confidence, the plate being afterwards destroyed. The recipients were requested to take special care that the diary was on no account published until fifty years after the death of its author."

Further particulars of the late Emperor Frederick's diary have been telegraphed, from which it appears that the Emperor Napoleon, while a prisoner, proposed to make an offensive alliance with Germany against England.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S MIND RELIEVED.

Official news has reached the State Department at Washington to the effect that the Chinese Government has refused to exchange ratifications with the United States of the proposed restrictive Immigration Treaty. This final decision by China relieves President Cleveland from an embarrassing position. The House of Representatives and the Senate had both recently passed a bill excluding Chinese from America, and this was daily expected to reach the President for his approval or veto. The bill was a Democratic party measure, and very popular in the Pacific Coast States, where the Democrats desired to make gains in the coming Presidential election, and yet President Cleveland could not sign the bill while the treaty was under consideration by the Chinese Government without a gross act of discourtesy to a friendly Power. It so happened that the news of the rejection of the treaty by China reached Washington a few hours after the bill was placed in the President's hands for his action, but before he had come to any decision. It had been previously thought that the only course open to the President in the circumstances was to veto the bill; but he will probably approve it now in order to please the Pacific States.

THE "ETRURIA'S" ATLANTIC RECORD.

The Cunard steamer *Etruria* has again beaten the Atlantic steamship record. She arrived at Sandy Hook bar, New York, at half-past ten on Saturday morning, having made the voyage from Queenstown in six days one hour and fifty minutes. The best previous record was made by the same ship last June in six days one hour and fifty-five minutes. She has thus beaten herself by five minutes. Her best day's run this trip was four hundred and ninety knots, which were made on two successive days. On her trip in June the *Etruria* made on one day 503 knots; but at that time she had a fine breeze from the east, and put up sail. On the present voyage the weather generally was fair, except on one day, when westerly winds and seas retarded her progress. She was also delayed thirty minutes in taking a pilot on board. Experts on ocean speed believe that the *Etruria* will before long cross the Atlantic in an even six days.

THE EXHUMATION OF SCHUBERT'S REMAINS.

The remains of Francis Schubert were exhumed on Saturday from the suburban cemetery of Währing, Vienna, where they were buried in 1828. The project of holding a choral service in the Währing cemetery was abandoned, and it was decided that the Orpheonists, who had offered to sing one of the composer's choruses, should do this to-day, on the occasion of the reinterment. A splendid musical demonstration accordingly took place yesterday morning on the Schillerplatz, where the hearse paused on its way to the Central Cemetery. Saturday's proceedings at Währing differed little from those which attended Beethoven's exhumation. The greater part of the skeleton was found to have crumbled away. Fragments of bone, mixed up with little pieces of cloth, remained, and also the skull, which was in good preservation. Masses of wreaths and flowers had been brought to the little mortuary chapel, wherein the coffin rested on Saturday night. Yesterday morning this coffin was enclosed in a new shell of black painted iron. Schubert has been laid in the Central Cemetery, near to Beethoven's tomb. There was an enormous concourse of persons on the Ring to watch the funeral cortége pass. It was remarked that some of the aged spectators who were old enough to remember Schubert personally, that the great musician always composed best when surrounded by many people talking loud. Some of his sweetest songs were composed in cafés and taverns, amid the din of coffee cups and beer glasses, and in the thick atmosphere of tobacco.

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE AMEER AND ISHAK:

THE BRITISH MISSION TO CABUL POSTPONED.

The Ameer has requested that in consequence of his being at present occupied with the suppression of the disturbance raised by Ishak Khan, the departure of the mission to Cabul may be postponed. The mission will, therefore, not start on the 1st of October, as had been intended. The mission, however, is not abandoned, but is merely postponed. It is reported that Ishak has fled across the Oxus; but this statement requires confirmation. The Ameer, it is said, distrusting a portion of his Mahommedan troops, had ordered that a Hindoo regiment should be raised at Cabul, to serve as his immediate body-guard. The whole of northern Afghanistan appears to be in a very disturbed condition, and any success on the part of Ishak Khan would probably lead to serious complications.

A report dated the 19th inst. has been received by the Indian Government from the Ameer, Abdurrahman, in which he announces that his troops reached Rui, thirty miles from Heibak on the 12th, and that the headman from Heibak has surrendered. The Ameer adds that Ishak Khan is reported to have fled towards Bokhara, but the truth of this statement is regarded in Simla as doubtful.

The following telegram from Tashkend has been received in St. Petersburg:—Ishak Khan is in Mazar-i-Sherif, near Balkh, while his son is slowly advancing with the rebel troops towards Cabul. The rumours of the death of the Ameer of Afghanistan are unfounded. He is at present in Cabul, and his son is pushing forward with an army to attack the rebels. The opposing forces are now no great distance apart, but no collision has yet taken place.

THE FAILURE OF INDIAN CROPS.

RELIEF MEASURES UNDERTAKEN.

It appears likely, says the Calcutta correspondent of the *Daily News*, that the Government will have to incur heavy expenditure on relief works in consequence of the failure of the crops. Relief measures have been in operation in Orissa for some time owing to the drought, and serious distress from the same cause is reported from Bombay and the Deccan, while great damage is threatened in Bengal by heavy floods in the Burdwan district. One hundred and fifty square miles of country are reported to be under water. Several other districts are also seriously affected.

THE AUTHORITIES AND THE PEOPLE IN BURMAH.

The Chief Commissioner of Burmah, speaking recently at Gyobingouk strongly blamed the people of Tharawaddy for their cowardice and apathy. They gave the Government, he said, no assistance against the dacoits, and only by their connivance and active help could the dacoit bands exist. The Government could not give arms to people who were afraid to use them. The Government was not affected by the outrages, the only result of which was to increase the punitive police-tax and other repressive measures.

PUNITIVE EXPEDITIONS IN INDIA.

General McQueen has left Simla to take command of the Black Mountain expedition. It has been definitely decided to trust to his special experience on the Hazara frontier, and to grant him a free hand both in carrying out the details of the expedition and in settling the permanent basis for the conditions of peace when the immediate punitive object of the expedition shall have been accomplished. The force has been equipped with machine guns.

News has been received in Calcutta that some of the Naga tribes living beyond the Dikha river, against whom Mr. McCabe conducted a punitive expedition during the last cold weather, have broken out again and raided into two villages under British political control, killing over one hundred friendly Nagas. Another punitive expedition will probably have to be sent in the next cold weather. Meanwhile Mr. McCabe has posted a guard of frontier police to prevent further attacks. The hostile Nagas retired to the jungles when the expedition was sent against them, leaving their villages to be destroyed. Their recent raid is supposed to have been dictated by revenge, the villages attacked having supplied the Deputy-Commissioner's force with transport coolies.

ESCAPE OF A LION AT A MENAGERIE.

An exciting scene was witnessed on Saturday evening at New Brighton Palace, Cheshire, where, in addition to other attractions, Mr. Cross's menagerie is on view, and where Madame Telzero goes through a performance in the lions' den. In connection with this lions' den is a small empty cage, by which the lions' "den" is approached by Madame Telzero. This cage was not in its place on Saturday, and the lion queen necessarily had to enter by the main door of the "den." No sooner was this opened than out dashed a lion, to the dismay of the audience, who were scattered in all directions. The lion in the meantime rushed into a corner, doubtless as much astonished at his freedom from bolts and bars as the audience at his intrusion in their midst. Meanwhile the keepers secured an empty cage, and the king of the forest was again placed in captivity.

A CRUEL HOAX.

A cruel hoax was perpetrated last week by means of numerous advertisements in many daily papers of vacant situations, requesting applications for the same to be made personally to Mrs. Mary Wickham, Cromwell Hall, Maldon, Essex. Hundreds of telegrams and letters asking for these opportunities to be kept open until the persons arrived reached Mrs. Wickham, and the trains on Friday brought at least forty applicants from London, Leytonstone, Mitcham, Tooting, and elsewhere, many of whom were unable to pay their fares back. Head-constable Halsey got up a subscription to assist the persons duped. Many persons arrived on Saturday from all parts of the country, only to find they had been cruelly hoaxed.

RAID ON BETTING MEN.

On Saturday morning a body of police made a sudden visit to the Queen's Hotel, Wolverhampton, which they suspected was frequented by betting men. In a private room they found a number of bookmakers and others, with betting books, tickets, and lists displayed on a table. Three men, named Thomas Newton Berry, Joseph Mills, and Daniel S. Onions, and a woman named Elizabeth Lewis, were arrested while bets were being taken. Prisoners were subsequently taken before the magistrates. The men were remanded on bail for a week. The woman was discharged.

For FEUILLETON, see page 13.

FOURTH EDITION.

THE GERMANS IN EAST AFRICA.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY NATIVES KILLED.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAM.)

ZANZIBAR, Sept. 24.—The German Admiral recently landed a force of man-of-war's men at Bagamoyo, who attacked the hostile natives and killed 120. The representative of the Sultan has been expelled from Pangani. A general rising is feared on that coast.

The following account of this outbreak is telegraphed by the Zanzibar correspondent of the *Times*:—The coast tribes and the German Company's employés having come into conflict at Bagamoyo to-day, the German Admiral landed an armed force from the *Leipsic* and killed 150 men, without a single casualty among the Germans. General Mathews, for fifteen years the most trusted friend of the coast natives, was forced to leave Pangani, after being nearly murdered by the insurgents, who declare that, owing to the treatment received by them from the German Company, they know no difference between any Europeans. A general rising is feared.

THE STANLEY RELIEF EXPEDITION.

A MESSAGE FROM MR. WARD.

Mr. P. L. M'Dermott, writing to the papers on behalf of the Emin Relief Committee, sends the following additional message received from Mr. Ward from Loando :—

Barttelot's death broke up expedition. Manyemas disbanded. Jameson reported Tippoo Tib only man competent command expedition. Bonny and (*sic*) retaining loads Yarocombi close Stanley Falls. Many men and loads missing. Awaiting reply Loando.—WARD.

Letters from Uganda arrived at Zanzibar yesterday, dated June 27, which report an absolute dearth of news regarding Mr. Stanley and Emin Pasha. Quantities of their letters remain at Uganda, the road to which is entirely closed. Messrs. Gordon and Walker, it is added, are well, and well treated by M'Wanga. Casard and Mahomed Biri are reported to have been murdered by Kabrega.

Great efforts are being made to push forward the organization of the German Emin Pasha relief expedition, and it is now hoped that its leaders will be able to leave for Zanzibar next month. According to the latest plans, the expedition will consist of two separate caravans, the chief of which, numbering 300 men (apart, of course, from carriers), will be commanded by Lieutenant Wissmann, who thinks that a marching column of this size is large enough for the purposes of self-defence, and yet small enough to move with the necessary speed. Herr Wissmann proposes to lead his caravan to the lakes by way of the Unyamvesi country, although this route is longer than the one through Masailand, which would expose the expedition to dangers that may be avoided by a détour. The other caravan would follow later.

OUR PRINCE AND PRINCESS ON THE CONTINENT.

A SENSATIONAL STORY ABOUT THE PRINCESS.

The Prince of Wales arrived in Vienna on Saturday morning from Hungary, and alighted at the Grand Hotel. In the evening the Prince dined with the Crown Prince and Archduke Otto, and accompanied their Imperial Highnesses to the Wien Theatre, where Johann Strauss's "Zigeunerbaron" (the Gipsy Baron) was performed. Yesterday morning his Royal Highness and suite attended divine service in the Anglican Church of the Metternichgasse. On Tuesday, October 2, the Prince will start for Bucharest, on a visit to the King and Queen of Roumania at Sinaia. As far as Semlin the journey will be by rail, but at Semlin the Royal party will embark and go down the Danube as far as Turn Severin by steamer. The Princess of Wales ended her visit to the Duchess of Cumberland at Gmunden on Saturday and left for England viâ Munich and Cologne.

A sensational story was circulated in London yesterday afternoon by the *Sunday Times*, on the authority of a Vienna correspondent, but there appears to be no confirmation forthcoming, and the morning papers do not mention the matter. The Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, however, refers to a rumour from Vienna as follows :—"No confirmation whatever has reached Berlin of a rumour that the Princess of Wales had narrowly escaped an accident on the railway." The following is the extraordinary story referred to:—

"The Princess of Wales and her daughters have had a narrow escape from death. It appears that the Princess was driving with her daughters in the neighbourhood of Gmunden, when the carriage approached a level crossing. On many of the Austrian railways the level crossings are protected by drawbars, which are dropped or raised to close or open the passage. These bars are worked by wires from distant signal-boxes, an electric bell being sounded at the crossing as a signal that a train is approaching and that the bars are about to fall. The bell rang as the Princess's carriage reached the railway, but her Royal Highness, not hearing or not understanding the signal, did not check the pony. The carriage had barely passed when the first bar fell, knocking off the hat of the Princess Maud, and placing a barrier between the Royal party and the equerries. Simultaneously, of course, the bar on the opposite side of the railway fell, and the occupants of the carriage saw with alarm that they could neither advance nor retreat. The next moment the train was seen approaching ; but Colonel Clarke, who was in attendance, took in the situation at a glance, and in less time than it takes to tell, had dismounted, ducked under the bar, and seized the pony's head. With great presence of mind, he pulled the carriage off the line and into the fence, just as the train, with brake down and whistle blowing, rushed by within a few inches of the startled ladies."

REINFORCEMENTS FOR SUAKIN.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAM.)

CAIRO, Sept. 24.—Her Majesty's sloop *Racer* and a condensing ship have been ordered to proceed to Suakin forthwith. A battalion of Egyptian troops has also been ordered to reinforce the garrison.

DEATH OF MARSHAL BAZAINE.

Marshal Bazaine died yesterday in Madrid of heart disease. He had been ailing for some time past. The body will be buried in the Madrid Cemetery of St. Justo to-morrow. The *Correspondencia de Espana*, the *El Correo*, and *La Epoca* publish long obituaries, speaking of him in respectful terms, and dwelling fully on his past career. They mention the fact that he had served in the Spanish army, and was well received in Madrid society. He leaves a widow and three children, one of whom is a sergeant in the Spanish army.

François Achille Bazaine, ex-Marshal of France, was born February 13, 1811, and was therefore in his seventy-eighth year. He entered the army in the year 1831, served in Africa the following year, and was made lieutenant in 1836, receiving the Cross of the Legion of Honour on the field of battle. After serving with distinction in Spain, Algeria, and Morocco, Bazaine took part in the Crimean campaign, where he commanded a brigade, and was highly commended for his conspicuous bravery. He was shortly promoted to be a General of Division, and in 1864 was created a Marshal of France. In the expedition to Mexico he again distinguished himself, but some misunderstanding between the Emperor Maximilian and himself caused him to withdraw the French forces. Marshal Bazaine was a conspicuous figure in the war between France and Germany, and eventually retired to Metz, which fortress, to the dismay and disgust of the French nation, he surrendered after a siege of only seven weeks. His conduct was the subject of a military inquiry, and subsequently he was tried by court-martial and sentenced to degradation and death, but President MacMahon commuted this sentence to imprisonment for twenty years in a fortress. From his prison on the Isle Sainte Marguerite he escaped on a Sunday night in August, 1874, and before the close of the same year he took up his residence in Madrid, where he has just died. Marshal Bazaine lived a very retired life in the Spanish capital, but he published an elaborate explanation of his conduct at Metz in an American journal, and a few years ago compiled a work, which he dedicated to Queen Isabella, describing the share he took in the Franco-German war.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAMS.)

ATTACK ON A RAILWAY TRAIN IN AMERICA.

NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—A gang of robbers stopped an eastward-bound express train on the Southern Pacific Railway, near Harwood, Texas, yesterday, but an armed force on the train put the robbers to flight, shooting two of them on the spot. Bloodhounds were afterwards laid on their trail, and an active pursuit is now being kept up. The engine-driver was, through some mistake, killed by one of the men protecting the train.

THE YELLOW FEVER EPIDEMIC.

JACKSONVILLE, Sept. 23.—One hundred and thirty-three fresh cases of yellow fever were reported here to-day, ninety of those attacked being negroes. The feeling of panic owing to the spread of the yellow fever is increasing all along the Mississippi from New Orleans to Louisville. Strict quarantine is, observed against the infected places. At Memphis, which is guarded by militia, business is virtually at a standstill.

TRADE RELATIONS BETWEEN AUSTRALIA AND CANADA.

(EXCHANGE TELEGRAM.)

OTTAWA, Sept. 24.—The Dominion Government have received, and are now considering, an unofficial communication from the various Australian Governments urging that definite steps should be taken with a view to inducing the Imperial Government to initiate negotiations for the adoption of closer trade relations between Australia and Canada.

THE QUEEN'S REPLY TO THE BISHOPS.

The following is the Queen's reply to an address presented by the bishops assembled at the Pan-Anglican conference in July last. It has been forwarded by the Secretary of State to the Archbishop of Canterbury for communication to the most reverend and right reverend prelates who signed the address :—

"I have received with much gratification the address of the recent meeting held at Lambeth of Archbishops and Bishops of the Church of England, and of Churches in communion therewith in various parts of my dominions, in the United States of America, and in other foreign countries, on the subject of the continuous extension of such churches throughout the course of my reign. I thank you heartily for your expressions of goodwill towards my Throne and person. You may be assured that it will ever be my anxious desire to promote all measures which may tend to maintain and extend the spirit of true religion, and I earnestly pray that Almighty God may bless your labours for an increase of Christian faith, and of the virtues which it inspires in all quarters of the world. "VICTORIA, R.I."

THE ALLEGED ABORTION CASE IN PIMLICO.

At the Central Criminal Court, to-day, before Mr. Justice Charles, James Gloster, thirty-four, a medical man, surrendered to his bail to answer to the charge of wilfully murdering Eliza Jane Schummacher. Mr. Poland and Mr. C. Mathews prosecuted on behalf of the Crown; and Mr. C. F. Gill, Mr. Horace Avory, and Mr. Arthur Gill defended. The accused, who is a fine, gentlemanly looking man, on being arraigned, pleaded not guilty. He closely scrutinized the jury as they were being sworn, and paid great attention to the proceedings throughout. Mr. Poland stated the main facts of the case. The defendant was a properly qualified medical man, residing at 15, Upper Phillimore-place, Kensington, and the deceased lived with her little boy at 21, Moreton-place, Pimlico. She was living apart from her husband, and besides a small allowance from her husband she carried on the business of a dressmaker. In April last she had an idea (which turned out to be an erroneous one) that she was pregnant, and the evidence would show that the defendant had performed on her a certain operation, in the course of which injuries were inflicted from which the woman died. She seems to have consulted the prisoner on June 11. It was alleged that the operation was performed in the deceased's own room in Pimlico on the 18th of June. The prisoner denied being there at all, but proof, Mr Poland said, would be forthcoming that he was there and that he performed the operation. From that time she became ill, then worse, and died on the 27th. In the meantime there had been different communications between them, and as to one of these communications (a telegram) the prisoner was alleged to have said, "I would not have had that telegram sent to my name and address for £500." The prisoner on being arrested remarked that it was all spite, and that the woman was a bad, drunken person. Evidence was then called

THE AUSTRALIANS' RECORD.

No one will grudge the Australians the brilliant finish to their tour secured by their victory over Surrey by 34 runs. They have had a hard season, and for some time back had been very unfortunate; but their last match has been keenly fought from start to finish. Of course the Colonials got a good start by winning the toss, and they made the most of it; but it is nevertheless a fact that, by beating the full strength of Surrey in perfect cricket weather, they have done themselves more credit in their last match than in any of the preceding eighteen victories of the season. Had the Australian eleven left our shores a few weeks back, they would have carried away a better reputation, perhaps, for invincibility; but even now, with all their remarkable ups and downs, they have certainly not been discredited. They have won within one of half the forty matches they have played, and they have only lost fourteen. Their season will also be memorable for having enriched Australian cricketing annals by the addition of a new bowler, who must be taken to be little, if any, inferior to the "Demon" in his best days.

THE POLICE AND THE PUBLIC.

A woman named Owen was charged at Bow-street to-day with being drunk outside St. Mary's Church, in the Strand, last night. Beaumont Kent, a reporter, said he saw the constable, 139 E, use very great violence towards the woman. He rushed at her, driving her against the wall. He then dragged her across the street to an empty shop, and taking her by the throat knocked her head against the shutters three or four times. Witness stepped up and remonstrated against the unnecessary violence that was being used. The constable told him not to interfere, and pushed him back roughly with his arm across his chest. He also tried to get hold of him by the throat, and said he would run him in if he had any more of his —— cheek. Witness followed to the station, and there the same constable asked him rudely what he was doing. Witness said: "You know what I am doing." The constable ordered him to leave the station, and threatened to chuck him out. He declined to leave on the constable's order, and was then seized hold of by the arms and pulled very violently away from an iron bar to which he clung. His hands were injured, two of the small bones being put out. Mr. Bridge said witness might have a summons against the constable or report the matter to the Commissioners. Mr. Kent said in the interest of the public he should prefer to have a summons. He should not be satisfied with an investigation before the Commissioners. There was no dispute about the woman Owen being drunk, and she was fined half a crown or one day's imprisonment.

THE CHURCH AFLOAT.

On Saturday afternoon the steam launch presented by Mr. John McInnes to the St. Andrew's Waterside Mission for the use of its chaplains on the Mersey—similar to one so familiar to captains of ships at Gravesend—went its trial trip. The Rev. R. F. Winter invited some of the leading clergy, Captain Wilcox, of the Board of Trade, and other naval men to join him in the trial trip, and entertained them at luncheon on board. The *Mona* is of 25 tons burden, and her seagoing qualities were pronounced all that could be desired. Mr. Winter purposes to hold service on some one ship in the river and pick up his passengers at others in the steam-launch.

A NEW SUNDAY PAPER FOR LONDON.

Mr. Pulitzer, of the *New York World*, says the London correspondent of the *Leeds Mercury*, has come over to London to start a Sunday paper. It will be conducted on sensational lines, with profuse illustrations; but Mr. Pulitzer will find it difficult to make a Sunday newspaper in London the great institution it is in New York.

It has been finally arranged that Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., will address a public meeting at Blaenau Festiniog on the 10th of October. A conference of Liberals will be held in the afternoon, and a public meeting in the evening.

Lord Hartington has arrived at Mar Lodge, Braemar, on a visit to Lord Fife; and Lord Randolph Churchill has arrived at Beaufort Castle, Inverness, on a visit to Lord Wimborne.

Mdme. Patti, who is now staying at Craig-y-Nos Castle, her Welsh residence, has written to the Oystermouth local board offering to supply the board with sufficient ferns and creepers to plant the rockwork along Mumbles Head from South End to Bracelet. The generous offer was at once gratefully accepted by the board.

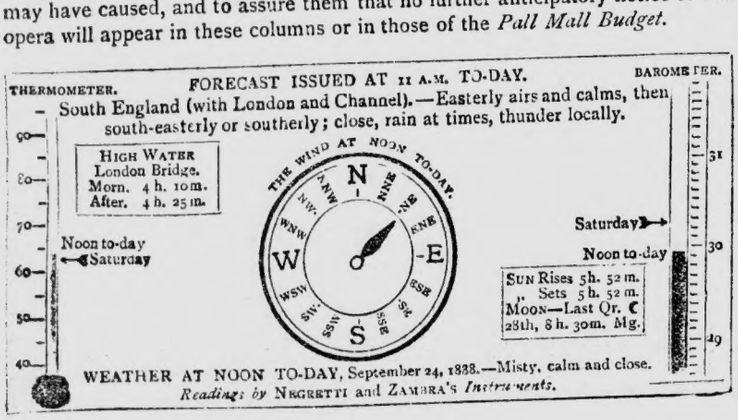
The widow of Mr. Richard Proctor, the astronomer, according to a Reuter's telegram from New York, sailed for England, in the *Aurania*, on Saturday.

Lord Reay, Governor of Bombay, has visited the Ahmednuggur district, where the crop prospects are somewhat gloomy, owing to the prolonged drought.

Mr. Raikes, the Postmaster-General, and Mr. Henniker-Heaton, M.P., arrived in Dublin on Saturday evening, and purpose remaining in Ireland for a week.

At a conference of Derbyshire miners' delegates held at Chesterfield on Saturday it was unanimously resolved to join other counties in seeking a general advance in wages of 10 per cent.

In the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 15th and the *Pall Mall Budget* of the 20th we re-published from an American source some extracts from the libretto of the forthcoming opera by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir A. Sullivan. We beg to apologize to those gentlemen for any annoyance or injury that our publication may have caused, and to assure them that no further anticipatory notice of the opera will appear in these columns or in those of the *Pall Mall Budget*.



THIS DAY'S MONEY MARKET.

Half-past One.

MARKETS ALL QUIET.—QUOTATIONS ONLY SLIGHTLY ALTERED.

There is no particular change in the condition of the Money Market. Operators are looking forward to obtain better rates the latter part of the week than are now current, as, with the Stock Exchange settlement coming on, and the end of the month and quarter close at hand, money is sure to be a good deal wanted; and should more gold be taken from the Bank for South America this week the hardening up in rates may be appreciable. Short money this morning is not worth more than 2¾ to 3 per cent., but little is done in discounting three months' bank paper below 3⅝ per cent., dealers in bills being rather disposed to keep their surplus cash in hand in view of the requirements of the next few days.

Business on the Stock Exchange is exceedingly quiet. With the approach of the fortnightly settlement less disposition is shown to enter into fresh speculative transactions, and markets generally present a quiet and uninteresting appearance. Consols are steady without material change, while in the Home Railway market the variations are unimportant, except for a further rise in Caledonian Stock and continued buying of Sheffield Deferred. Hull and Barnsley stock shows a slight relapse on sales to secure profits after Saturday's sharp rise. Apart from an inquiry for Turkish low priced descriptions, international securities are neglected and prices are practically unaltered. American Railroad securities are quiet, with few movements of importance. The chief speculative activity is again in Louisville and Nashville and Milwaukee and St. Paul shares, which are again being offered. Norfolk and Western Preference, however, have recovered, and in other directions the changes only range from ⅛ to ¼. Grand Trunk stocks are also inactive, and Mexican Railway issues are dull, and fractionally lower. Copper Mining shares are weak, but one or two of the active Industrial shares are better.

The Stock Market at New York on Saturday opened weak, the "room" having a bearish tendency. Although good buying caused prices to advance fractionally, under the lead of Lake Shore and New England, the market soon drooped, and became weak, especially for Granger and Southern Stocks. The closing was heavy, at about the lowest figures.

The following are the latest changes compared with Saturday's closing:—

In Home Railways.—*Improved*: Caledonian ⅜, Sheffield Deferred ⅛, Great Eastern and Midland ⅛. *Receded*: Hull and Barnsley and North British ¼, and North Western ⅛.

Among Foreign Stocks.—*Advanced*: Turkish Group 4 ⅜, the Defence ¼, Group 2 ⅛, Group 1 ⅛, French Four and a Half per Cents. ¼, Hungarian Gold ⅛, and Spanish Four per Cents. 1-16. *Declined*: Mexican Converted ⅛.

American Railroads.—*Risen*: Denver Ordinary and Norfolk and Western Preference ¼, Central Pacific, New York Central, and Northern Pacific Preference ⅛. *Fallen*: Milwaukee and St. Paul ⅞, Wabash Mortgage ¾, Louisville and Nashville ¼, Ontario and Pennsylvania shares ⅛.

As regards Canadian and Foreign Railways.—*Higher*: Grand Trunk First Preference ¼, and Lombardo-Venetian 1-16. *Lower*; Mexican First Preference ⅜, the Ordinary ¼, the Second Preference ⅛, and Grand Trunk Ordinary 1-16.

Suez Canal shares are up ¾, Imperial Ottoman Bank 3-16, Hotchkiss and Bryant and May ⅛, and Mason and Barry ⅛; but Namaqua shares are down ¼, Rio Tinto 3-16, and Montana and Allsopps ⅛.

The report of the directors of the Royal Bank of Ireland (Limited) to be submitted to the proprietors at their fifty-second annual general meeting, states that the net profits of the bank for the year ended August 31 last amounted to £41,357, which, with the sum of £8,081 brought forward from last balance, making together £49,439, have been appropriated as follows:—To the payment of an interim dividend at the rate of 11 per cent. per annum, £16,500; to the payment of the present dividend at the rate of 11 per cent. per annum, £16,500; allocated to bad and doubtful debt fund, £7,000; to credit of bank premises, £500; to officers' superannuation fund, £500; leaving a balance of £8,439 to be carried to the credit of profit and loss new account.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.—The market opened quiet, with a moderate demand. Probable sales 7,000 or 8,000. Prices on the spot are firmer. Futures are mostly two points higher.

The following are this day's 1 o'clock prices of the principal Stocks and Shares:—

BRITISH FUNDS, ETC.		
Consols	100⅛	⅛
New Consols 2¾	97⅜	¾
Reduced 3 p. c.	99⅛	100
Local Loan Stock	102	3
New 2½ per. Cent	94⅛	5
India 3½ per Cents	104¼	¼
Do. 4½ p. c. Rupee	72⅜	⅜
Egyptian Guar.	100	⅛
Met. Bd. Wks. 5½	111½	12
Do. 3 p. c. Scrip	101	2
Birmingham Crp. Stk.	110½	11
Liverpool	110½	11
FOREIGN STOCKS.		
Argentine 6 p. c.	100	2
Do. Hard Dols	70½	1½
Do. Treasury	99	100
Austrian Gold	91	3
Do. Silver	87	9
Brazilian 1875	103	4
B. Ayres 6 p. c.	102	4
Do. Cedulas I.	61	⅛
Chilian 4½ p.c. 1885	100	2
Costa Rica A.	92½	3⅛
Do. B.	91½	2
Egypt. State Don.	101½	2
Do. Unified	85¼	⅜
Do. Preference	102⅜	⅜
Do. Daira Sanieh	80¼	½
French 3 p.c. Rnts	82¼	3⅛
Do. 4½ p.c. Rnts	104	⅛
Greek 5 p.c. 1881	79½	80¼
Hung. Gold Rente	81¼	4
Italian	90⅛	⅛
Mexican Converted	39⅝	⅞
Peruvian 5 p.c. 7	14 15 16	15 16
Do. 6 p.c.	16½	⅜
Portuguese	61½	⅛
Russian 1873	98½	¾
Spanish 4 p. c.	75½	⅜
Turkish 1854	100	2
Group 1	25¼	6¼
Group 2	15¼	16
Groups 3 and 4	15⅛	⅜
4½ p. c. 1871	86¼	7½
5 p. c. Defence	98¼	¼
5 p. c. Priority	81	3
Uruguay Unified	75¼	6¼
Virginia Funded	47	2
U.S. 4½ p.c.	108⅝	9⅛
BRITISH RAILWAYS		
Caledonian	110	¼
Great Eastern	70½	¼
Great Northern	117	18
Ditto A	104½	5⅛
Great Western	141½	50
Hull and Barnsley	114¼	3½
Lanc. and York	119½	20⅛
Brighton (Ordinary)	143	5
Do. A	129¼	30
Chatham (Ordinary)	24⅛	⅜
Do. Preference	102⅛	3
North Western	169⅞	70½
South Western	133½	9½
Manchester & Shef.	71	3
Do. A.	38	⅛
Met. Consolidated	74½	5½
Do. Land Stock	70½	1½
Do. District	35¼	¼
Midland	133¼	4¼
North British	122¼	7
North Eastern	159¼	60
North Stafford	111	13
South Eastern	133	5
Do. Deferred	110¼	11
FOREIGN RAILWAYS		
Canada Pacific	59⅜	⅝
Cen. Pacific Shares	36	⅛
Chic. Mil. and St. P.	66⅛	7
Denver & R. Grande	20⅛	⅞
Do. Pref.	54¼	5¼
Illinois Shares	121	9
Lake Shore	104⅜	⅝
Ohio & Mississippi	25	⅛
Louis. and Nash.	60	¼
Mex. Cen. Bonds	67¼	8¼
Do. Nat "A"	63	¼
Miss. Kan. & Texas	13	⅛
N. Y. Cen. Shares	112	⅛
New York Ontario	17⅛	⅛
Erie Shares	30	¼
Do. Sec. Mort.	103½	4
Norfolk & West. Pref	58	¼
N. Y. P. & O. 1st M.	41¼	½
North. Pacific Pref	62	½
Pennsylvania Sh.	56¼	7
Phil. and Read. Sh	26⅛	⅛
Union Pacific Shares	61⅛	⅜
Wabash Preferred	27	⅛
Do. Gen. Mort.	44	5
Grand Trunk Sh.	10⅞	11⅛
Do. First Pref.	66¾	7¼
Do. Second Pref	46	½
Do. Third Pref.	26½	⅛
Do. Guaranteed	70⅜	1
Mexican Ordinary	47¼	8
Do First Pref	120½	¼
Ob. do. 2nd Pref	70¼	80
Lombardo-Venetian	8⅞	9½
Varna 3 per cent	7⅞	⅜
Nitrate Railway	24½	5
BANKS.		
Alliance Bank	23¼	24¼
City Bank	20¼	1⅛
Consolidated Bank	7¼	8¼
Imperial Ottoman	12 3 16	5 15
London and County	85⅛	6½
Union of London	40	1
London and West.	66½	7⅛
London Joint Stock	39½	40½
Nat. Prov. of Eng	43	4
Stand. Bnk. S. Afric	50⅛	1½
MINES		
Indian Consolidated	5 16	7 16
Mysore shares	3	⅛
Ooregums	1 7 16	9 16
Cape Copper	5 7 16	9 16
Namaqua	3⅛	⅜
Mason and Barry	12	5/1
Rio Tinto	24⅛	⅜
Montana £1 shares	1 11 16	13 16
De Beers	31⅛	⅜
Kimberley Cent	35	½
TELEGRAPHS AND TELEPHONES		
Anglo-American	44½	5⅛
Do. Pref.	74	5
Brazilian Submarine	13⅛	½
Direct Unit. States	10⅛	⅜
Eastern	12⅛	½
Ditto Extension	12⅜	13⅛
United Telephone	13¼	½
Globe Teleg. Trust	7	¼
TRAMWAYS ETC		
London Gen. Om	193	8
London Street	12½	13⅛
London Tramway	13½	14⅝
North Metropolitan	17	18
WATERWORKS.		
Chelsea Waterworks	260	5
East London	197	202
Grand Junction	124	8
Kent	270	5
Lambeth	261	6
New River, New	349	54
S'thwrk. & Vauxhal	166	71
W. Middlesex	263	70
GAS AND ELECTRIC LIGHT.		
Gaslight & Coke A	231	5
Imp. Continental	209	12
South Metropolitan	306	11
Brush Elec. Li. (£4 pd)	3¼	¼
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Allsopp	8⅛	⅜
Guinness and Co.	310	17½
Hotchkiss	10¼	⅛
Bryant and May	12⅛	13⅛
Spratt's Patent	9½	10⅛
P. and O. Steam	65	8
Royal Mail Steam	64	7
Nat. Discount Co.	11⅝	12
Hudson's Bay	19¾	20¼
Suez Canal	83⅛	9⅛
P. & W. Ind. Docks	24	0
London and St. K.	42	8

THE NEW THEATRE IN THE WEST-END.

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF "THE COURT."

Another new theatre is to be opened this evening. Though scarcely within the radius of West-end theatres, the new house can claim to be as easy of access as any of them, seeing that it is within half a dozen steps of Sloane-square railway station. The building, which Mr. Emden has planned and Messrs. Holiday and Greenwood have erected for Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Arthur Chudleigh, stands just opposite the spot in Sloane-square where the old Court Theatre stood. Although it is an entirely new house, the old name of Court Theatre has been retained. It will open on Monday evening with "Mamma," a transcript from "Les Surprises du Divorce," made by that clever writer of sparkling comedy dialogue, Mr. Sydney Grundy.

THE NEW HOUSE: INSIDE AND OUTSIDE.

The theatre (writes our critic, who made a tour of inspection over it this morning) is small—will, in fact, seat some 800 persons—and on account of the limited nature of the site every available square inch of ground has been occupied. The stage possesses no "wings;" all the scenery is kept aloft, and lowered when necessary; or, in case of urgency, can be stored and raised as required. The stage, therefore, in all respects except size, resembles an ordinary drawing-room. In the construction of the dressing-rooms the convenience of the artists has in every case been consulted. The stage is readily reached, and each room is effectively lighted by the electric light and by gas. Moreover, the lights are so arranged that they can be fixed in almost any position—a most desirable thing in making up. The Royal box is so constructed that it can on general occasions be divided into two ordinary private boxes. In communication with this box is an elegantly upholstered room, called the Prince's Room, which communicates directly with the street. Turning next to the accommodation of ordinary human beings, one notes that the stalls give more than the ordinary allowance of room for the legs. The backs of the stall chairs are of a shield pattern, and were designed by Mrs. John Wood. Each stall occupant will—unlike Noah's dove—find a resting place for the sole of his foot. There are numerous exits. In the case of the dress circle, which is almost on a level with the street, each row of seats has exits on either side. The pit is comfortable, is easily entered and easily left; and here, as well as in the gallery, the management have so far consulted the comfort of their patrons as to provide ladies' as well as gentlemen's retiring rooms. The front of the theatre, which faces Sloane-square, is in a free, simple style; the interior, which follows the style of the French Renaissance, is exceedingly prettily decorated, cream gold and scarlet being the prevailing colours. There are a very handsome plush curtain and an act drop painted by Messrs. Harford and Glendenning.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST FIRE AND PANIC.

In the matter of that most important question of prevention against fire and panic, the new Court Theatre will be supplied with all the most modern appliances. The electric light is in use throughout. But seeing that the electric light may fail at a critical moment, gas has been laid on in every part of the theatre, and as a further precaution the gas-meter has been placed outside the building. And to guard against the almost impossible contingency of both the electric light and gas failing, the theatre will also be lit by small badoura lamps, which burn special candles, and which from the point of view of decoration are decidedly an acquisition. So much for lighting. The multiplicity of exits has been referred to. The stage can instantly be cut off from the auditorium by the fall of an asbestos fireproof curtain. True, the stage communicates with the auditorium by two doors on each side, but each door is of iron, and as little amenable to the influence of fire as is the door of an iron safe. The stage is dominated by non-automatic fire-sprinklers; so that the chances of a disaster from fire are really nil.

A PARALLEL TO THE WHITECHAPEL MURDER.

A young woman named Jane Beatmoor, twenty-eight years of age, was murdered at Birtley, near Gateshead, on Saturday night or yesterday morning. She left her home on Saturday evening to go to the Gateshead dispensary, and failed to return. Early yesterday morning a miner named John Fish, going to work, found the body of the young woman at the bottom of a railway embankment in a horribly mutilated condition. An inspection revealed the fact that the lower part of her body had been cut open, and the abdominal viscera torn out. She was also cut about the face. The affair has caused quite a panic in the district, the resemblance to the Whitechapel murders encouraging the idea that the murderer who has been at work in London has travelled down to the north of England. No arrests have been made, and the police are said to be completely baffled.

JOHN PERCIVAL'S HEROISM.

At Leicester, in January, 1886, on a deep pond near the Spinney Hill, six boys and two men were sliding or skating, when the ice broke. A man named Clarke was one of the two; he managed to save one of the boys. Clarke, however, could not swim, and would eventually have been drowned but for John Percival, who, though himself thrown into the water at the same time, remained there until he was able to rescue Clarke. For this he received the Royal Humane Society's bronze medal. Ever since Percival has suffered from chronic peritonitis, which his doctor thinks will render him unable ever to resume his ordinary work. For the last year he has suffered greatly, and been quite unable to work; he has a wife and four young children. His former employers, Messrs. Royce, Gascoigne, and Co., Highcross-street, Leicester, speak highly of him as a sober, steady, and industrious man, and would be glad to assist in raising a fund to assist him. Mr. Thomas Wright, mayor of Leicester, has been asked to receive subscriptions, and has consented to do so. Contributions sent to him at the town hall will be duly acknowledged by his worship.

A BOY MURDERED FOR HIS CLOTHES.

At Plymouth on Saturday Mary Griffin was charged with the wilful murder of a boy named Delafield by throwing him over the citadel ramparts in June. The girl, who was arrested on her own confession, was, after evidence confirming her confession had been taken, remanded for a week in order that the Home Secretary might be communicated with. Prisoner committed the deed to steal deceased's clothes.

THE HONOURABLE JEFFERSON DAVIS, President of the Confederate States of America during the late Civil War, writing to Messrs. FRY'S agent, says:—"The samples of Cocoa which you kindly sent have been received safely, and have been tried by my family, who consider the different preparations of Cocoa unusually delicate and agreeable." Ask your Grocer for a sample of FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA and copy of Testimonial.

THE CORONER ON THE WHITECHAPEL MURDERS.

The inquest on the body of Mary Ann Nichols, the unfortunate woman who was recently found murdered in Buck's-row, Whitechapel, was brought to a close on Saturday afternoon. The coroner in the course of his summing-up, and after referring to the want of a public mortuary in the East-end, propounded the following theory as to the motive of the murderer:—

He thought they could not altogether leave unnoticed the fact that the death the jury had been investigating was one of four presenting many points of similarity, all of which had occurred within the space of about five months, and all within a very short distance of the place where they were sitting. All four victims were women of middle age: all were married and had lived apart from their husbands in consequence of intemperate habits, and were are at the time of their death leading irregular lives and eking out a miserable and precarious existence in common lodging-houses. In each case there were abdominal as well as other injuries. In each case the injuries were inflicted after midnight, and in places of public resort where it would appear impossible but that almost immediate detection would follow the crime, and in each case the inhuman and dastardly criminals were at large in society. . . . The similarity of the injuries in the two most recent cases was considerable. There were bruises about the face in both cases, the head was nearly severed from the body in both cases, and those injuries, again, had in each case been performed with anatomical knowledge. Coming to the question of motive, he thought robbery was out of the question, and there was nothing to suggest jealousy. There could not have been any quarrel, or it would have been heard. The taking of some of the abdominal viscera from the body of Chapman suggested that that may have been the object of her death. Was it not possible that this may also have been the motive in the case they had under consideration? He suggested to the jury as a possibility that these two women might have been murdered by the same man with the same object, and that in the case of Nichols the wretch was disturbed before he had accomplished his object, and, having failed in the open street, he tried again, within a week of his failure, in a more secluded place. If this was correct, the audacity and daring was equal to its maniacal fanaticism and abhorrent wickedness. But that surmise might or might not be correct; the suggested motive might be the wrong one; but one thing was very clear—that the injuries were of such a nature that they could not have been self-inflicted, that no imaginable facts could reduce that to evidence of manslaughter, and that a murder of a most atrocious character had been committed.

The jury, having considered in private, returned a verdict of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown."

DEATH OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.

An extraordinary discovery was made on Saturday afternoon at Heeley, Sheffield, involving the death of two persons—Robert Snowden, a potato salesman in Sheffield Market, and his wife, Mary Snowden. Mrs. Snowden left home on Thursday morning, after a disagreement with her husband. On Saturday morning Mr. Snowden's son left home for business about six o'clock, his father promising to follow. He did not do so. In the afternoon the young man returned home and found his father dead in bed. An hour later he noticed his mother's bonnet and shawl in the house, and on searching further he discovered her body hanging in the cellar. She had apparently been dead several hours. She had been seen to go to the house about eight o'clock. A medical man is of opinion that the man died from natural causes. He had been suffering from bronchitis, and the supposition is that Mrs. Snowden on returning to the house, finding him dead, committed suicide. The bodies await an inquest.

THE HEALTH OF GENERAL SALOMON.—General Salomon, the ex-President of Hayti, who recently underwent a dangerous surgical operation in Paris, has had a relapse. He has sunk into a sleep which causes great alarm. The doctors, Mdme. Salomon, and her daughter, Mdme. Magnies, never leave his bedside.

THE NORDENFELT SUBMARINE BOAT.—Captain P. Mordovin, of the Imperial Russian Navy, naval attaché to the Russian Embassy, states that the submarine Nordenfelt torpedo boat has not been bought by the Russian Government. He is officially authorized to say that the boat was tried at Southampton and rejected by the special commission of officers appointed by the Russian Government, the boat being found "entirely unsuitable for naval and fighting purposes."

FIRE AT A THEATRE.—On Saturday night there was an exciting scene at the Prince's Theatre, Bradford, and a terrible calamity was only prevented by the promptness and courage of a member of the company playing there. In a street scene in the third act the scenery suddenly caught fire from a candle behind an illuminated street lamp. People in the auditorium jumped up from their seats, and women screamed, but in a moment Mr. Kendall Young tore the front scene down, trampled the burning portion under foot, and thus averted further damage.

AN EXPENSIVE KISS.—Edward Gascoyne Hawkes, a solicitor's clerk, was charged at the Worship-street police-court, on Saturday, with having assaulted Alice Farrell, a waitress in the employ of the Aerated Bread Company, by kissing her in a carriage of a train on the Great Eastern Railway on Friday night last. Prisoner cross-examined prosecutrix with a view to showing that she had given him encouragement, and that he had become acquainted with her when making purchases at the establishment where she was employed. Mr. Montagu Williams considered the offence proved, and imposed a fine of £5, which was paid.

CURIOUS CRIMINAL CASE AT CALCUTTA.—A curious criminal case connected with a prevalent superstition is being heard on appeal by the Calcutta High Court. Four villagers of the Dinagepore districts were convicted of causing the deaths of two Cabulis and injuring a third. A rumour had got abroad that some children were to be sacrificed in connection with the building of a railway bridge over the Mahanuddi River. When the three Cabulis appeared to trade with the villagers they were denounced as kidnappers and mobbed. Two were killed outright, their bodies being flung into the river, while the third, after being severely handled, escaped by hiding himself. Four of the rioters were convicted by the Sessions Judge of Dinagepore and sentenced to two years' and a half imprisonment each.

A NEW ATTRACTION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The first aquatic firework fête at the Crystal Palace took place on Saturday last, and drew a large number of visitors. A lengthy programme of attractions was provided. The chief attraction, however, was Mr. Brock's aquatic firework display on the lake spanned by the Tower Bridge (outlined with Venetian lights), and which was a masterpiece of the pyrotechnist's art. At twenty minutes to nine the signal was given by an aëriel maroon, and almost instantaneously the bank of the lake was a glare of coloured fires, which added to the beautiful effects of the bridge, and for half an hour the display continued, concluding, amid the applause of the vast assembly, with magnesium shell. During this week the ballet will take place in the palace, supplemented by a promenade concert, and on Saturday next the aquatic firework fête will be repeated.

"LABOUR DAY" IN NEW YORK.

AS SEEN THROUGH ENGLISH SPECTACLES.

"LABOUR DAY" is a day specially set apart by Acts of the Legislatures of New York and two or three other adjacent States for the laudation of labour. On the first Monday in September Labour takes a holiday ordered by the Law. The day somewhat corresponds to our August Bank Holiday, except that the commercial crowd makes holiday under the ægis of Labour, instead of, as with us, Labour seizing upon a holiday originally designed for the advantage of the clerks in the City. It is a new feature in American life—the New York Act, we believe, is not more than two or three years old—but it is a feature that has come to stay. The "Laudation of Labour" is accomplished, not only in the enactment and operation of a full-blown Act peremptorily stopping for a day all the acts and deeds which constitute the work of artisan and labourer, but in a special parade of the Army of Labour, organized by the trades-unions, which everywhere commands sympathetic attention.

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.

"I am, as you are aware," wrote a member of our staff from New York on Monday, September 3rd, "somewhat *blasé* in respect to processions; nevertheless I have just found freshness in the Labour Day parade. I saw the procession as it passed through Union-square, from a window of the *Standard* office, which Mr. Henry George kindly placed at my disposal. From this location the procession was to me like a moving music-book—from the fact that I looked down upon it through the interstices of no less than ninety-five telegraph or telephone wires. By the way, I am glad to tell you that at last the New Yorkers are making some progress in the campaign against this street-wire system, which not only terribly disfigures the city, but absolutely endangers the lives of passengers: at this moment, Broadway is 'up' in several places for the laying of underground wires. It was a beautiful, balmy day, with all that almost indescribable lightness and blueness of atmosphere which is the special charm of New York; and the proximity of the Union-square garden, with its crowd of saunterers, gave the entire scene a delightfully Parisian aspect. The route of the procession was indicated by spectators standing six deep; but, in Union-square at least, the ground was in no way crowded. Policemen stood at certain points to maintain order, but their duty was a sinecure: the crowd was orderly and decorous to the last degree—so orderly and decorous that never a cheer nor boisterous laugh was heard."

THE CARRYING OF THE CANE.

"Now, let me tell you what specially struck me. In the first place the parade was markedly distinguishable from an English procession by every man carrying a bamboo cane. Sometimes these canes were held down like walking-sticks; in some divisions they would be raised to the shoulder like rifles; in others the ranks joined them longitudinally, so as to constitute a thin rail in front of each rank. The canes are carried, I was told, because the men have discovered that they place them more at ease, and help them to the soldierly appearance to which they aspire in these parades. Early in the forenoon energetic hawkers were crying: 'Here's your parade canes, only five cents apiece: you can't keep up your dignity without a cane;' and the result proved that they must have done a great trade. The next thing I noted was that they know how to 'spread' in the States. On our side, our processionists walk often almost upon each other's heels; in Union-square to-day, there were frequently three and never less than two yards between each rank. This was done, I was assured, to permit of greater facility in wheeling: habits induced by the heat would also furnish an excellent excuse. Anyhow, the paraders 'spread.' Another curious point I noticed in some of the divisions was this: between each rank marched a man, as if he were a leader of a rank—that is to say, there was a rank of six, then a rank of one, and so on. Perhaps this was only another illustration of the art of 'spreading.' No one could fail to admire the easy, steady, graceful swing of the processionists; their soldierly marching was one of the best sights of the day, and, considering the shocking state of the pavement, perhaps the most remarkable sight."

ABOUT BANNERS, BANDS, AND BOUQUETS.

"I sadly missed the friendly society and trade union banners which are so numerous in our processions; there were upwards of fifty large 'Star-and-stripe' flags displayed in the parade, but little else besides. But what was lacking in banners was fully made up in bands. Several military bands were engaged; but the feature in this department was the number of private companies of musicians in Zouave dress, some of which were very striking in uniform. Many of the banners, by the way, bore inscriptions on their faces. These bands, who had consumed much gold lace, lent a great wealth of colour to the procession, and in their variety they were charmingly impressive. The processionists were mainly young men, bright-looking, smartly-dressed, and unmistakably cheerful. Many carried bouquets. The clean shave seemed to be *de rigueur*. Low felt hats—Derby hats, as they are generally called here—were universal; I only observed two or three 'plug' hats, the high-hat of London life. Contrary to my expectations, however, the bulk of the men wore dark suits. All wore badges, the colours varying; and sometimes these badges would speckle a whole division in the most interesting way imaginable. The men marched as if they were not in the slightest degree ashamed—an impression, unfortunately, which processionists in England sometimes create; and thanks, no doubt, largely to the better atmospheric conditions, and to the lighter heart-loads which the artisans and labourers of the New World carry, the whole parade was without a sombre note: it was bright, brisk, prideful, and happy. And at Union-square, the 'Father of his Country,' sitting on his bronze horse, with hand outstretched, looked as if he were blessing the business of the day, with Lafayette standing on the opposite corner, as a deeply-interested and highly-sympathetic spectator."

A HINT TO MR. "GUS" HARRIS.

"I will run briefly through some of the interesting 'items' of the parade: The granite and marble-cutters were rendered conspicuous by the number of waggons bearing men working with mallet and chisel on huge blocks of granite and marble. One truck, drawn by four horses, on which the statue of a soldier was being chiselled from a block of marble attracted general attention. In this section, perhaps, there were rather too many designs suggestive of the cemetery to be quite in harmony with the thoughts of a merry holiday. This detachment was preceded by a band wearing a wonderful uniform, and led by a drum-major who performed the most extraordinary of feats in the whirling of his staff. Mr. Augustus Harris ought assuredly to retain that drum-major's services for his next pantomime."

THE SEQUEL TO BISMARCKISM.

"The next section might well have been labelled 'The Sequel to Bismarckism.' There came German contingents flying red flags and headed by bands playing the 'Marseillaise.' Little German bands, I was informed, may often be heard playing the 'Marseillaise' in the side streets of New York. For a reason which will be well understood, the union of theatrical workers was strongly represented. The spectacle of 'Nero' was advertised by a beautiful banner, and a gig supported by smart-looking tars suggested the 'Dark Secret.' The German bricklayers were a very numerous contingent. They were headed by a Zouave band, dressed in black coats, blue trousers, white gaiters, and yellow plumes."

THE DUDES OF THE PRESS.

"The typographical unions showed in great force, though not so extensively, it seems, as last year. The first contingent, No. 7 branch, comprised mainly the 'chapels' of the many foreign papers published here. A waggon so handsomely draped as to instinctively suggest a Continental fête-day bore in the centre a bright, beautifully-framed panel-picture with the history of the early German printing press as its subject. 'No. 6' branch contained the élite of the printing profession. These gentlemen I have heard described as bright, but beery. They are also reported to be great hands at gambling; they will gamble, I am told, on the hour that they will be paid off. They proved to be the most dude-ish looking lot of men in the entire procession. The *Sun* 'chapel' were distinguished by the wearing of sun-flowers, which led to their being nick-named 'Oscar Wildes;' the *Star* men all wore brown hats, the *Times* men straw hats. The *Herald* chapel brought a splendid blue banner, the inscription being in gold letters. The *Sun* chapel placed the biggest number of men in the division—some eighty in all. The notorious *Police Gazette* chapel made a curious display."

"A GOODLY AND A GREAT FRATERNITY."

"The contingent of its male and female employés were headed by half-a-dozen boys dressed in police uniform: blue coat and trousers, grey felt helmets, white gloves and club, with a juvenile police captain in command. There were many ladies in the carriages. The oyster-men were the most noticeable contingent in the procession, being dressed in jumpers of light blue shirting and straw hats. The blueness of their attire seemed to intensify the blueness of the atmosphere. The bakers and confectioners who, followed, however, were the brightest section seen. They wore white flannel shirts and cream-coloured hats, and occasionally a red sash crossed the white shirt. They bore aloft a pyramid of small cakes ten feet high, and a Vienna loaf eight feet long and three feet broad, which last was carried by four men on a platform draped with a United States flag. Immediately succeeding came the brewers. They wore black slouch hats, in which were entwined sprigs of hop-bine. Somehow, the brewers seemed to be stouter-built than their comrades in line. One waggon was converted by hops into a perfect bower; from this emerged at the top a small beer-barrel, resting upon a pole, while around the sides of the waggon sat a number of pretty girls. On another waggon, covered with maroon cloth, King Gambrinus, wearing a crown and attired in Royal robes, was enthroned: he was attended by a couple of boys in the dresses of fifteenth century pages. His Majesty held in his hand a foaming tankard, the foam being produced by a skilful manipulation of cotton waste. This tableau was the 'gem of the parade' undoubtedly. Many placards besought the multitude to drink only 'Union beer,' but I learn that in the recent boycott struggle 'the brewers came in on top.' The horse-shoers wore new russet leather aprons, with blood-red horseshoe stamped in the centre; even the horses were draped with these aprons. The young watermen of the port became jolly under the music of a hornpipe played by a band composed of young girls. They floated the handsomest flag in the procession: a silk ultra-marine 'Star-and-stripe' flag lettered in gold. The paviors' union was distinguished by the carrying of the green flag of Ireland—the only one seen in the procession. The shoemakers held aloft a big white slipper, graced by the presence of a pretty 'old' lady. The ranks of the carpet-workers' union embraced a large proportion of well-dressed women. But I must perforce sum up in a sentence. The procession was in all respects admirable and interesting; and the parade, I should say, is well calculated to create in working men a greater pride in their trades and a strong desire to place their own particular division beyond all rivalry in skill and honesty of workmanship. There is the usual dispute as to the numbers comprised in the procession; looking at it with a very generous mind, I should be disposed to say that the lot present in the ranks did not exceed 10,000 persons. But it should be observed that the procession only included the earnest, conscientious section of the artisans and labourers. The rest had gone out of town for a long day's holiday, or else preferred to watch the procession from the side-walks.

"As soon as the parade dispersed at mid-day, a series of sporting events began at the Phœnix Park, and the rest of the day became in every direction a genuine Carnival of Labour."

TO-NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

(AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager.)

EVERY EVENING, at 7.30.
A New Grand Spectacular Drama, entitled
THE ARMADA:
A Romance of 1588.
By HENRY HAMILTON and AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

(Sole Lessee, Mr. HENRY IRVING.)

TO-NIGHT at 9, Mr RICHARD MANSFIELD in DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.
(Last 6 nights.)

Preceded at 8 by LESBIA, Classical Comedy in One Act, by Mr. RICHARD DAVEY. Lesbia, Miss Beatrice Cameron.

MORNING PERFORMANCE SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.

MONDAY NEXT, October 1, A PARISIAN ROMANCE. Mr. MANSFIELD as the BARON CHEVRIAL.—Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily from 10 to 5.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

(Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBOHM TREE.)

TO-NIGHT at 8.30 precisely, the new original Drama, by Mr. HADDON CHAMBERS, entitled "CAPTAIN SWIFT." Mr. Tree, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Fuller Mellish, Mr. Allan, Mr. Harwood, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Brookfield; Lady Monckton, Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Cudmore, and Mrs. Tree. Preceded, at 7.50, by THAT DREADFUL DOCTOR. Doors open at 7.30. Box-office open daily, 10 till 5.

CRITERION THEATRE.

(Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM.)

BETSY, EVERY EVENING, at 9 with the original cast. Preceded by, at 8.10, THE DOWAGER. Doors open at 7.45. Stage and Auditorium Lighted entirely by Electricity. N.B.—MATINEE of BETSY on SATURDAY NEXT, at 3. Doors open at 2.30.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

(Mr. THOMAS THORNE, Sole Lessee and Manager.)

THIS EVENING, at 8.30, JOSEPH'S SWEETHEART. Preceded at 7.45 by THE BROTHERS Mr. Thomas Thorne; Messrs. William Rignold, Fred Thorne, Cyril Maude, J. S. Blythe, Scott Buist, F. Grove, Frank Gillmore, and Mr. H. B. Conway; Mesdames Kate Rorke, Gladys Homfrey, Banister, B. Harrison, R. McNeill, Bowman, Adlercron, G. Arnold, and Miss Vane.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

(A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.)

THIS EVENING, at Eight, THE UNION JACK. 60th Time. Mr. William Terriss; Messrs. C. Cartwright, J. D. Beveridge, J. L. Shine, L. Cautley, D. Somers, H. Russell, E. Lennox, &c.; Miss Millward; Mesdames Helen Forsyth, O. Nethersole, D. Drummond, E. Bufton, and Clara Jecks. At 7.15, THE LOTTERY TICKET.

TERRY'S THEATRE.

(Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. EDWARD TERRY.)

(Acting Manager, Mr. H. T. BRICKWELL.)

The safest and coolest Theatre in London, constructed entirely with concrete and iron, absolutely fireproof, lighted throughout with electricity.

TO-NIGHT, at 8.30, A. W. PINERO's New Three Act Domestic Drama, SWEET LAVENDER. 191st Time. Messrs. Edward Terry, Alfred Bishop, Brandon Thomas, T. C. Valentine, Bernard Gould, F. Kerr, Sant Matthews; Mesdames M. A. Victor, Carlotta Addison, Maude Millett, Eva Wilson. Doors open at 8. Carriages 11. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30. Seats at the Libraries and Box-office, open from 10 to 5. Telephone 2,702.

GLOBE THEATRE.

(Lessees and Managers, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE and Miss EDITH WOODWORTH.)

THIS EVENING, at 8, FROU-FROU. Messrs. W. Farren, Arthur Elwood, Fred Terry, G. Farquhar, F. Dawson, C. Kent: Mesdames Edith Woodworth, Henrietta Lindley, R. Evelyn, Margaret Terry, Minnie Terry, and Marie de Grey.

COURT THEATRE.

(Proprietors, Mrs. JOHN WOOD and Mr. ARTHUR CHUDLEIGH.)

(Manageress, Mrs. JOHN WOOD.)

Will Open for the Season TO-NIGHT (Monday), Sept. 24th, on which occasion will be produced (by arrangement with Mr. John Hare) an adaptation of LES SURPRISES DU DIVORCE, by SYDNEY GRUNDY, entitled MAMMA, at 8.45, preceded at 8.0 by an original play by CHARLES THOMAS, entitled HERMINE. Doors open 7.30. Box office open 10 to 5. Telephone 3,031. NOTICE.—The curtain will rise punctually at 8.0 to-night.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.

(Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HORACE SEDGER.)

EVERY EVENING, at 7.40, WARRANTED BURGLAR PROOF.
At 8.30, punctually, DOROTHY. (731st Performance.)

Mesdames Marie Tempest, Florence Perry, Harriet Coveney, F. Neville, and Amy Augarde; Messrs. Ben Davies, Furneaux Cook, Arthur Williams, J. Le Hay, E. Griffin, and C. Hayden Coffin. Musical Director, M. Ivan Caryll. Doors open 7.30. Box-office open from 10 till 5.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

ITALIAN EXHIBITION.

In Concert Hall and Theatre, FRATELLI PRANDI's MARIONETTES, "RODOPE" and "THE LIVING SKELETON," at 3 and 7.30 P.M. The NEAPOLITAN MANDOLINISTS at 4.30 and 9 P.M.

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COMEDY THEATRE. — TO-NIGHT, at 9 o'clock, a New Farcical Comedy, in three acts, entitled UNCLES AND AUNTS, by W. LESTOCQ and WALTER EVERARD. Mr. W. S. Penley, Mr. T. G. Warren, Mr. Wilfred Draycott, Mr. W. F. Hawtrey, Mr. Walter Everard, and Mr. W. Lestocq. Miss Cissy Grahame, Miss Maria Daly, Miss Caroline Elton, Miss Kate Lee, and Miss Vane Featherston. Preceded by, at 8, THE SPY. Business Manager, Mr. E. F. BRADLEY.

UNCLES AND AUNTS. TO-NIGHT, at 9. MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, at 3 o'clock.

FREEMAN THOMAS' PROMENADE CONCERTS, THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN. THIS EVENING at 8.0, Grand Orchestra (150 performers). Leader, Mr. Carrodus. Conductor, Mr. A. Gwyllym Crowe. Vocalists THIS EVENING:—Mdme. Clara Samuell, Mdme. Patey, and Mr. Barrington Foote. Mr. C. Bourne (Euphonium Solo). Mr. Radcliff (Solo Flute). Prices of admission, 1s. to £3 3s. Doors open 7.30.—NOTE. TO-MORROW (Tuesday). Vocalists; Mdme. Alwina Valleria, Mdme. Belle Cole, and Mr. Sidney Tower.

SAVOY.—Proprietor and Manager, R. D'OYLY CARTE.—THIS EVENING at 8.30, THE MIKADO, Japanese Opera. By W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN. At 7.30, MRS. JARRAMIE'S GENIE. Box-office open from 9 A.M. till 11 P.M.

SAVOY.—THE MIKADO.—THIS and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, until further notice, and SATURDAY AFTERNOON, at 2.30.

SAVOY.—LAST WEEKS of THE MIKADO. LAST MORNING PERFORMANCE SATURDAY NEXT.

GAIETY THEATRE.—"SHE." A great success.
Manageress, Miss SOPHIE EYRE.

GAIETY.—"SHE."—A Great Success.—TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8, a Romantic Play from the celebrated Novel of H. Rider Haggard. Miss Eyre, Misses Fanny Enson, Elliott, Enid Leslie, Wilson, Vyse, Graves, and Miss Mary Rorke; Messrs. Julian Cross, Edmund Gurney, H. Maxwell, James East, Glyn, Wynn, and Mr. Edmund Maurice. Box-office open daily from 10 till 6. Prices from 1s. to £4 4s. Manager, Mr. EUGENE C. STAFFORD.—GAIETY THEATRE.

GAIETY.—"SHE."—Miss SOPHIE EYRE as SHE.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

OPERA COMIQUE.—Lessee, F. J. HARRIS.—This Theatre will REOPEN on THURSDAY NEXT, Sept. 27, with a new Romantic Comic Opera entitled CARINA. Music by Julia Woolf. Libretto by E. L. Blanchard and Cunningham Bridgman. The whole produced by CHARLES HARRIS. For cast see morning papers. Box-office now open from 10 to 5.

AVENUE THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. H. WATKIN.—"OLD GUARD."—By universal desire of press and public the popular "OLD GUARD" will RETURN to its LONDON QUARTERS on MONDAY, October 1st, after a phenomenally successful march through England, Scotland, and Wales. Box office open daily from 10.30 till 5 o'clock.

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THE HORSE SHOW.
THE LEAPING COMPETITIONS.
THE DAIRY SHOW.
THE SHOW OF KERRY COWS, BULLS, AND HEIFERS.
THE OLD IRISH MARKET PLACE.
THE BRITISH ARMY QUADRILLES BY FOUR MILITARY BANDS AND PIPERS AND DRUMMERS OF THE SCOTS GUARDS.
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The Mystery of Cloomber.

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

"There is a scientific incredulity which surpasses in imbecility the obtuseness of the clodhopper."
BARON HELLENBACH.

CHAPTER XIII. *(continued.)*

"Your father?" I asked. "What of him?"

"He is gone."

"Gone!"

"Yes, he is gone; and so is Corporal Rufus Smith. We shall never set eyes upon them again."

"But where have they gone?" I cried. "This is unworthy of you, Mordaunt. What right have we to sit here, allowing our private feelings to overcome us while there is a possibility of succouring your father? Up, man! Let us follow him. Tell me only what direction he took."

"It's no use," young Heatherstone answered, burying his face in his hands. "Don't reproach me, West; for you don't know all the circumstances. What can we do to reverse the tremendous and unknown laws which are acting against us? The blow has long been hanging over us, and now it has fallen. God help us!"

"In heaven's name tell me what has happened!" said I, excitedly. "We must not yield to despair."

"We can do nothing until daybreak," he answered. "We shall then endeavour to obtain some trace of them. It is hopeless at present."

"And how about Gabrielle and Mrs. Heatherstone?" I asked. "Can we not bring them down from the Hall at once? Your poor sister must be distracted with terror."

"She knows nothing of it," Mordaunt answered. "She sleeps at the other side of the house, and has not heard or seen anything. As to my poor mother, she has expected some such event for so long a time that it has not come upon her as a surprise. She is, of course, overwhelmed with grief, but would, I think, prefer to be left to herself for the present. Her firmness and composure should be a lesson to me; but I am constitutionally excitable, and this catastrophe coming after our long period of suspense deprived me of my very reason for a time."

"If we can do nothing until morning," I said, "you have time to tell us all that has occurred."

"I shall do so," he answered, rising and holding his shaking hands to the fire. "You know already that we have had reason for some time—for many years, in fact—to fear that a terrible retribution was hanging over my father's head for a certain action of his early life. In this action he was associated with the man known as Corporal Rufus Smith; so that the fact of the latter finding his way to my father was a warning to us that the time had come, and that this 5th of October—the anniversary of the misdeed—would be the day of its atonement. I told you of our fears in my letter; and if I am not mistaken, my father also had some conversation with you, West, upon the subject. When I saw yesterday morning that he had hunted out the old uniform which he has always retained since he wore it in the Afghan war, I was sure that the end was at hand, and that our forebodings would be realized.

"He appeared to be more composed in the afternoon than I have seen him for years, and spoke freely of his life in India and of the incidents of his youth. About nine o'clock he requested us to go to our own rooms, and locked us in there—a precaution which he frequently took when the dark fit was upon him. It was always his endeavour, poor soul, to keep us clear of the curse which had fallen upon his own unfortunate head. Before parting from us he tenderly embraced my mother and Gabrielle, and he afterwards followed me to my room, where he clasped my hand affectionately and gave into my charge a small packet addressed to yourself."

"To me?" I interrupted.

"To you. I shall fulfil my commission whenever I have told you my story. I conjured him to allow me to sit up with him and to share any danger which might arise; but he implored me with irresistible earnestness not to add to his troubles by thwarting his arrangements. Seeing that I was really distressing him by my pertinacity, I at last allowed him to close the door and to turn the key upon the outside. I shall always reproach myself for my want of firmness. But what can you do when your own father refuses your assistance or co-operation? You cannot force yourself upon him."

"I am sure that you did all you could do," my sister said.

"I meant to, dear Esther; but, God help me, it was hard to tell what was right. He left me, and I heard his footsteps die away down the long corridor. It was then about ten o'clock, or a little after. For a time I paced up and down the room, and then carrying the lamp to the head of my bed I lay upon it without undressing, reading St. Thomas à Kempis, and praying from my heart that the night might pass safely over us. I had at last fallen into a troubled sleep when I was suddenly aroused by a loud, sonorous sound ringing in my ears. I sat up bewildered, but all was silent again. The lamp was burning low, and my watch showed me that it was going on to midnight. I blundered to my feet, and was striking a match with the intention of lighting the candles, when the sharp, vehement cry broke out again so loud and so clear that it might have been in the very room with me. My chamber is in the front of the house, while that of my mother and sister are at the back, so that I am the only one who commands a view of the avenue. Rushing to the window I drew the blind aside and looked out. You know that the gravel drive opens up so as to form a broad stretch immediately in front of the house. Just in the centre of this clear space there stood three men looking up at the house. The moon shone full upon them, glistening on their upturned eyeballs, and by its light I could see that they were swarthy-faced and black-haired, of a type that I was familiar with among the Sikhs and Afreedees. Two of them were thin, with eager æsthetic countenances, while the third was kinglike and majestic, with a noble figure and flowing beard."

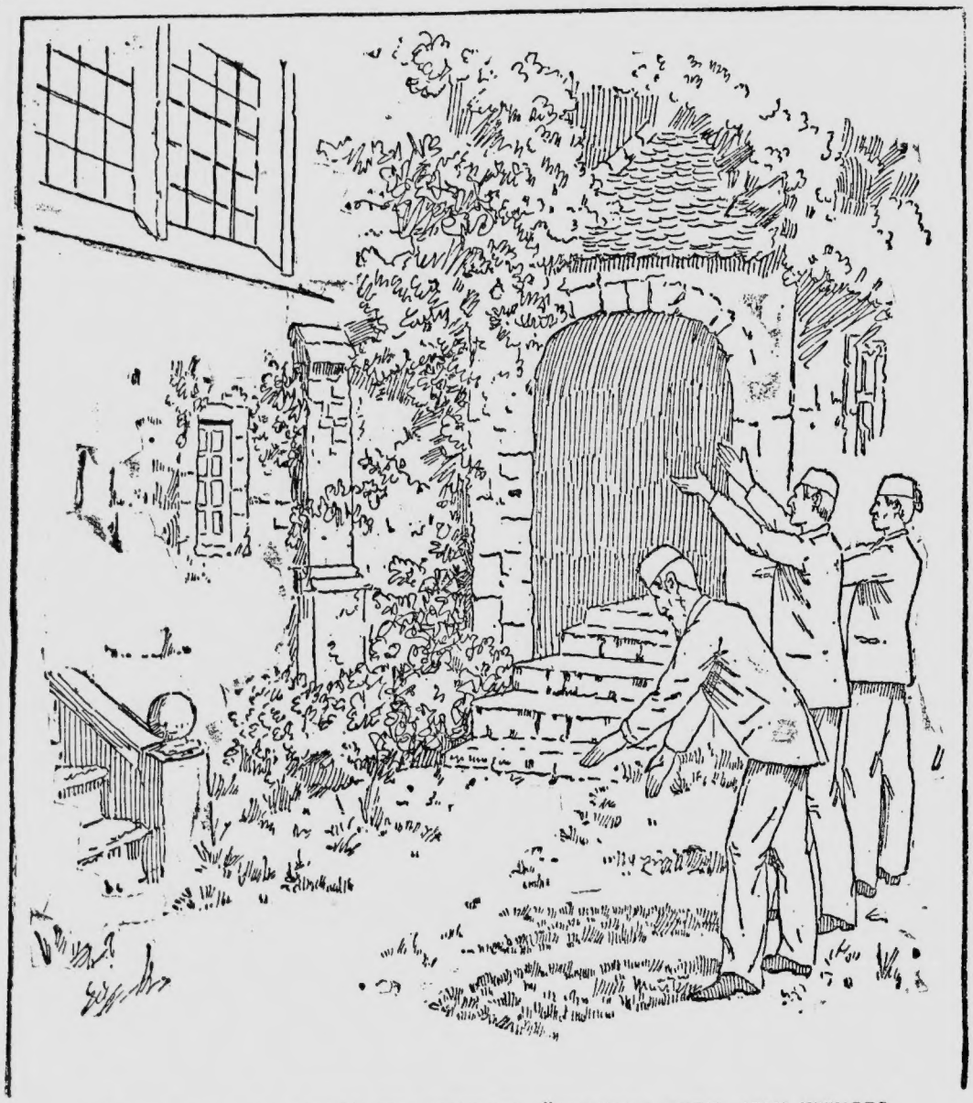
"Ram Singh!" I ejaculated.

"What, you know them," exclaimed Mordaunt in great surprise. "You have met them?"

"I know of them. They are Buddhist priests," I answered; "but go on."

"They stood in a line," he continued, "sweeping their arms upwards and downwards, while their lips moved as if repeating some prayer or incantation. Suddenly they ceased to gesticulate, and broke out for the third time into the wild, weird, piercing cry which had roused me from my slumber. Never shall I forget that shrill, dreadful summons, swelling and reverberating through the silent night with an intensity of sound which is still ringing in my ears. As it died slowly away there was a rasping and creaking as of keys and bolts, followed by the clang of an opening door and the clatter of hurrying feet. From my window I saw my father and Corporal Rufus Smith rush frantically out of the house, hatless and unkempt, like men who are obeying a sudden and overpowering impulse. The three strangers laid no hands upon them, but the whole five swept swiftly away down the avenue and vanished among the trees. I am positive that no force was used or constraint of any visible kind, and yet I am as sure that my poor father and his companion were helpless prisoners as if I had seen them dragged away in manacles.

"All this took little time in the acting. From the first summons which disturbed my sleep to the last shadowy glimpse which I had of them between the tree trunks could hardly have occupied more than five minutes of actual time. So sudden was it, and so strange, that when the drama was over and they were gone I could have believed that it was all some terrible nightmare, some delusion, had I not felt that the impression was too



"THEY STOOD IN A LINE," HE CONTINUED, "SWEEPING THEIR ARMS UPWARDS AND DOWNWARDS."

real, too vivid, to be imputed to fancy. I threw my whole weight against my bedroom door in the hope of forcing the lock. It stood firm for a while, but I flung myself upon it again and again until something snapped and I found myself in the passage. My first thought was for my mother. I rushed to her room and turned the key in her door. The moment that I did so she stepped out into the corridor in her dressing-gown, and held up a warning finger.

"No noise," she said. "Gabrielle is asleep. They have been called away."

"They have?" I answered.

"God's will be done!" she cried. "Your poor father will be happier in the next world than he has ever been in this. Thank heaven that Gabrielle is asleep. I gave her chloral in her cocoa."

"What am I to do?" I said distractedly. "Where have they gone? How can I help him? We cannot let him go from us like this, or leave these men to do what they will with him! Shall I ride into Wigtown and arouse the police?"

"Anything rather than that," my mother said, earnestly. "He has begged me again and again to avoid it. My son, we shall never set eyes upon your father again. You may marvel at my dry eyes; but if you knew as I know the peace which death would bring him, you could not find it in your heart to mourn for him. All pursuit is, I feel, vain; and yet some pursuit there must be. Let it be as private as possible. We cannot serve him better than by consulting his wishes."

"But every minute is precious," I cried. "Even now he may be calling upon us to rescue him from the clutches of these dark-skinned fiends." The thought so maddened me that I rushed out of the house and down to the high road, but once there I had no indication in which direction to turn. The whole wide moor lay before me, without a sign of movement upon its broad expanse. I listened, but not a sound broke the perfect stillness of the night. It was then, my dear friends, as I stood, not knowing in which direction to turn, that the horror and responsibility broke full upon me. I felt that I was combating against forces of which I knew nothing. All was strange and dark and terrible. The thought of you, and of the help which I might look for from your advice and assistance, was a beacon of hope to me. At Branksome, at least, I should receive sympathy, and, above all, directions as to what I should do; for my mind is in such a whirl that I cannot trust my own judgment. My mother was content to be alone, my sister asleep, and no prospect of being able to do anything until daybreak. Under those circumstances what more natural than that I should fly to you as fast as my feet would carry me? You have a clear head, Jack; speak out, man, and tell me what I should do. Esther, what should I do?" He turned from one to the other of us with outstretched hands and eager, questioning eyes.

"You can do nothing while the darkness lasts," I answered. "We must report the matter to the Wigtown police; but we need not send our message to them until we are actually starting upon the search, so as to comply with the law and yet have a private investigation, as your mother wishes. John Fullarton over the hill has a lurcher dog which is as good as a bloodhound. If we set him on the General's trail he will run him down if he had to follow him to John o' Groats."

"It is terrible to wait calmly here while he may need our assistance."

"I fear our assistance could under any circumstances do him little good. There are forces at work here which are beyond human intervention. Besides, there is no alternative. We have, apparently, no possible clue as to the direction which they have taken, and for us to wander aimlessly over the moor in the darkness would be to waste the strength which may be more profitably used in the morning. It will be daylight by five o'clock. In an hour or so we can walk over the hill together and get Fullarton's dog."

"Another hour!" Mordaunt groaned, "every minute seems an age."

"Lie down on the sofa again and rest yourself," said I, "you cannot serve your father better than by laying up all the strength you can, for we may have a weary trudge before us. But you mentioned a packet which the General had intended for me."

"It is here," he answered, drawing a small flat parcel from his pocket and handing it over to me, "you will find no doubt that it will explain all which has been so mysterious."

The packet was sealed at either end with black wax, bearing the impress of the flying griffin, which I knew to be the General's crest. It was further secured by a band of broad tape, which I cut with my pocket knife. Across the outside was written, in bold handwriting, "J. Fothergill West, Esq.," and underneath, "to be handed to that gentleman in the event of the disappearance or decease of Major-General J. B. Heatherstone, V.C., C.B., late of the Indian Army." So at last I was to know the dark secret which had cast a shadow over our lives. Here in my hands I held the solution of it. With eager fingers I broke the seals and undid the wrapper. A note and a small bundle of discoloured paper lay within. I drew the lamp over to me and opened the former. It was dated from the preceding afternoon and ran in this way:—

My dear West,—I should have satisfied your very natural curiosity on the subject which we have had occasion to talk of more than once, but I refrained for your own sake. I knew by sad experience how unsettling and unnerving it is to be for ever waiting for a catastrophe which you are convinced must befall, and which you can neither avert nor accelerate. Though it affects me specially, as being the person most concerned, I am still conscious that the natural sympathy which I have observed in you, and your regard for Gabriel's father, would both combine to render you unhappy if you knew the hopelessness and yet the vagueness of the fate which threatens me. I feared to disturb your mind and I was therefore silent, though at some cost to myself, for my isolation has been not the least of the troubles which have weighed me down. Many signs, however, and chief among them the presence of the Buddhists upon the coast as described by you this morning, have convinced me that the weary waiting is at last over and that the hour of retribution is at hand. Why I should have been allowed to live nearly forty years after my offence is more than I can understand, but it is possible that those who had command over my fate know that such a life is the greatest of all penalties to me. Never for an hour, night or day, have they suffered me to forget that they have marked me down as their victim. Their accursed astral bell has been ringing my knell for two score years, reminding me ever that there is no spot upon earth where I can hope to be in safety. Oh the peace, the blessed peace of dissolution! Come what may on the other side of the tomb, I shall at least be quit of that thrice terrible sound.

There is no need for me to enter into the wretched business again or to detail at any length the events of the fifth of October, 1841, and the various circumstances which led up to the death of Ghoolab Shah, the arch adept. I have torn a sheaf of leaves from my old journal in which you will find a bald account of the matter, and an independent narrative was furnished by Sir Edward Elliott, of the Artillery, to the *Star of India* some years ago—in which however, the names were suppressed. I have reason to believe that many people, even among those who knew India well, thought that Sir Edward was romancing, and that he had evolved his incidents from his imagination. The few faded leaves which I send you will show you that this is not the case, and that our men of science must recognize powers and laws which can and have been used by man, but which are unknown to European civilization.

I do not wish to whine or to whimper; but I cannot help feeling that I have had hard measure dealt me in this world. I would not, God knows, take the life of any man, far less an aged one, in cold blood. My temper and nature, however, were always fiery and headstrong, and in action when my blood is up I have no knowledge of what I am about. Neither the corporal nor I would have laid a finger upon Ghoolab Shah had we not seen that the tribesmen were rallying behind him. Well, well: it is an old story now, and there is no profit in discussing it. May no other poor fellow ever have the same evil fortune!

I have written a short supplement to the statements contained in my journal, for your information and that of any one else who may chance to be interested in the matter. And now, adieu! Be a good husband to Gabrielle; and if your sister be brave enough to marry into such a devil-ridden family as ours, by all means let her do so. I have left enough to keep my poor wife in comfort. When she rejoins me I should wish it to be equally divided between the children. If you hear that I am gone, do not pity, but congratulate

Your unfortunate friend,
JOHN BERTHIER HEATHERSTONE.

I threw aside the letter and picked up the roll of blue foolscap which contained the solution of the mystery. It was all ragged and frayed at the inner edge with traces of gum and thread still adhering to it, to show that it had been torn out of a strongly-bound volume. The ink with which it had been written had faded somewhat; but across the head of the first page was inscribed in bold, clear characters, evidently of later date than the rest, "Journal of Lieutenant J. B. Heatherstone in the Thull valley during the autumn of 1841," and then underneath, "This extract contains some account of the events of the first week of October of that year, including the skirmish of the Tarada ravine and the death of the man Ghoolab Shah." I have the narrative lying before me now, and I copy it verbatim. If it contains some matter which has no direct bearing upon the question at issue, I can only say that I thought it better to publish what is irrelevant than by cutting and clipping to lay the whole statement open to the charge of having been tampered with.

(To be continued)

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